

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

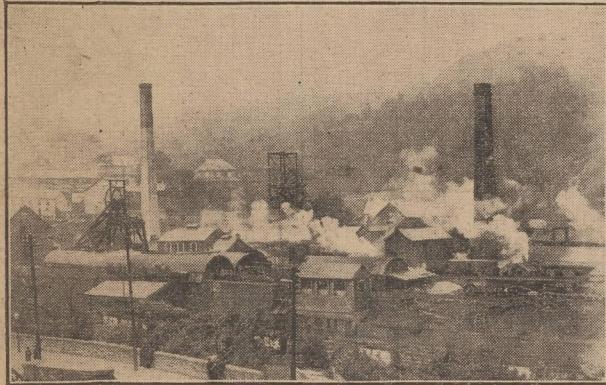
No. 529.

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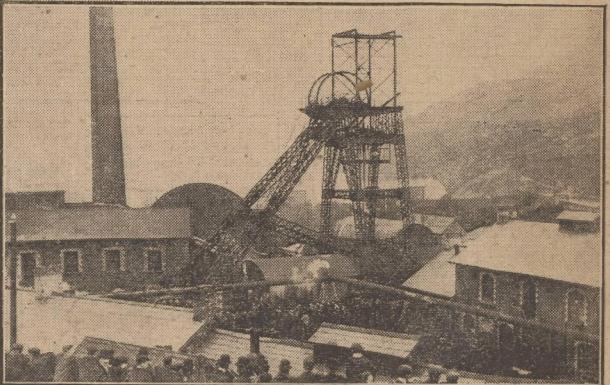
THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

TERRIBLE COLLIERY EXPLOSION IN WALES: SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



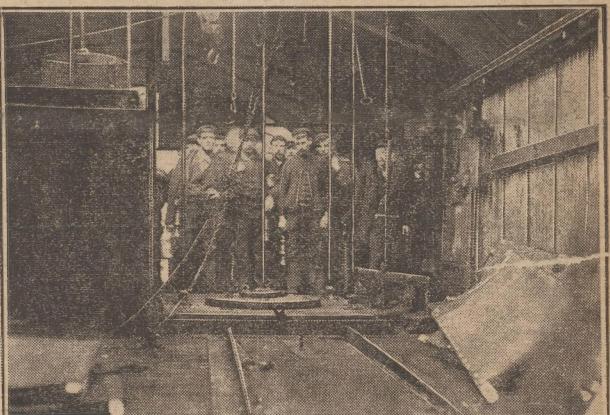
General view of the United Colliery Company's pithead works at Wattstown, near Porth, in the Rhondda Valley, South Wales. There were more than 1,400 men in the mine at the time of the disaster, but fortunately only one pit was affected by the explosion.



The pit in which the explosion occurred. Mr. Hood, one of the first exploring party, said that the scenes below were the most pitiful he had ever seen in the course of a long experience of colliery disasters. A lot of little lads were lying dead, just as if they had fallen asleep.



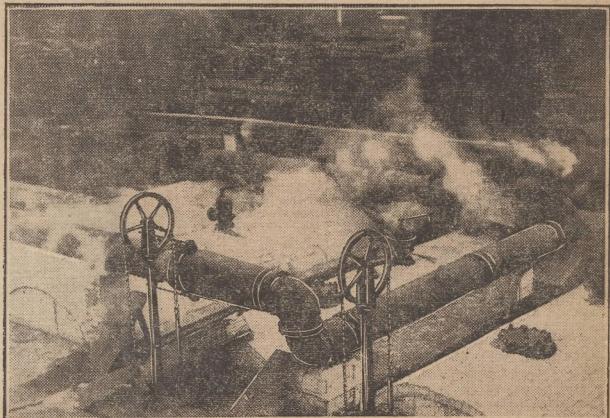
Relatives of the 124 men working below in the pit when the explosion occurred waiting at the pithead for news. Women were not allowed inside the premises of the colliery company, as it was feared they might impede the work of rescue.



The entrance to the fatal pit, showing a rescue party waiting to descend. On their return they reported that there was no hope of any of the miners being rescued alive, as the mine was full of poisonous gases.



A hopeless crowd outside the general offices. The scene as one by one the bodies brought to the surface were identified by friends and relatives was heartrending.



The top of the boiler-house. The shock of the explosion caused the steam pipes to burst, and threw all the machinery at the pit-head out of gear.

ANOTHER LITTLE PRINCE.

Fifth Son Born to the Prince of Wales.

HAPPY EVENT.

Little Princess Disappointed in Her Wish for a Sister.

In every quarter of the Empire joy will be caused by the news of the birth of another son to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The event took place at Sandringham shortly after three o'clock yesterday morning, and the royal mother and her child have since been making excellent progress.

The following is the official bulletin issued by Sir John Williams, M.D., and Sir Alan Reeve Mauny, M.D. —

York Cottage, Sandringham, July 12, 1905.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales gave birth to a son this morning at 3.5.

Both mother and son are doing well.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who were married on July 6, 1893, have now a family of six children, five of whom are sons and one a daughter.

The eldest child, Prince Eddy, as he is affectionately known to the nation at large, was born at White Lodge, Sheen, on June 23, 1894. Prince Albert was born at Sandringham on December 14, 1895; Princess Victoria on April 23, 1897; Prince Henry on March 31, 1900; and Prince George on December 20, 1902.

The children of the Prince and Princess have always held a high place in the affections of the public. Their doings are followed with eager interest, as was made very evident only the other day when Prince Eddy and Prince Albert were rival captains in a cricket match played in celebration of the former's birthday.

TYPICAL ENGLISH BOYS.

Nothing has endeared them more to the people of the Empire than the fact that they are such typically English children. The boys, trained to maintain the noble traditions of their House, are manly to a degree; little Princess Victoria's winsome ways have won all hearts.

A pretty story was recently related of her. Asked if she would not like to have a little Princess for a sister. "A little yes; a little Princess, no," is said to have been her ready reply.

Like their father, Prince Eddy and Prince Albert are destined to spend their youth in early manhood in the Navy. Arrangements have been made for them to enter the training college at Osborne very shortly. Without attaining Spartan severity, the home training of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales has been carried out on strict lines, and the young Princes will begin life in the Navy with a full sense of the requirements of discipline already well instilled in them.

King Edward is greatly attached to his grandchildren, and the young Princes owe much in the formation of their characters to his example and kindly advice. His Majesty's affection is keenly reciprocated, and some of his happiest moments are spent in the company of his son's family.

SHY NAVAL OFFICERS.

Instinctive Desire To Group Together at the Dance on French Battleship.

Misunderstanding led to an awkward incident at the reception of guests for the ball on the French battleship *Jaurequierry* at Brest.

Visitors arriving at 8.30 p.m. found the gates of the dockyard closed against them. Until nine o'clock a long line of carriages containing daintily-dressed ladies and opera-hatted gentlemen had to wait in patience.

The battleship *Formidable* was lashed alongside the *Jaurequierry*, and furnished space for smoking and card rooms. Vice-Admiral Pephaut received the guests, among whom was Sir Francis Bertie.

As regards the British officers, there is no disguising the fact, says Reuter, that they were very disgruntled, and kept together in groups.

On the other hand, according to the "Figaro," a guest of Admiral Caillard says "the English officers are really charming."

THE FATAL GOLF AFFRAY.

The regrettable affray at Walton-on-the-Hill Golf Course, in which a labourer named Earl received fatal injuries, was considered last night by a coroner's jury.

One of the players, Mr. Pilcher, struck the unfortunate man with a club.

The jury returned a verdict of Excusable Homicide.

"WELL-FED BEASTS."

Mr. Keir Hardie Produces a Passionate Scene in the Commons.

"C.-B.'S" TAUNT.

Mr. Keir Hardie made a lively scene in the House of Commons yesterday.

He had been pressing the Prime Minister to give a pledge that the Unemployed Bill should be passed this session.

Mr. Baldwin declined to commit himself.

"You're playing with the House of Commons and the country!" exclaimed Captain Pirie, amid angry Ministerial shouts of "Order."

Mr. Hardie asked leave to move the adjournment of the House to discuss the Government's refusal to pledge themselves.

"The motion does not come within the rule for adjournment motions," held the Speaker.

"If the Bill is not carried," declared Mr. Hardie, in threatening tones, "we stand a good chance of securing riot and disturbances in the country."

A prolonged chorus of "Ohs" from the Liberal Members drowned Mr. Hardie's voice for several minutes.

While with passion, the Labour member angrily pointed his finger at the Conservatives below the gangway, where a storm of protesting shouts was bursting.

"Well-fed beasts opposite may shout," roared Mr. Hardie, to the accompaniment of ringing Nationalist cheers.

"The public peace is at stake," he added. "It is the first business of the Government to legislate so as to prevent the breaking of the public peace, and this it is what I hope will take place if this Bill doesn't become law."

"Bring 'em down here and clear out the House," shouted Mr. Michael Flavin, at the heat of the demonstration passed away.

Another scene arose on a question asked by Mr. Buchanan concerning a special non-effective allowance of £5,000 a year as a field-marshall.

"It is paid under the authority of Parliament," replied the Minister of War.

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman: Is it because Lord Roberts was treated almost with indignity by the right hon. gentleman in being summarily dismissed from his appointment as Commander-in-Chief that this douceur of £5,000 is to be paid by the British taxpayers for at least another two years?

Mr. Arnold-Forster indignantly protested against the unjust and unfounded remarks of the right hon. gentleman, which had not a particle of foundation.

REGIMENT OF OFFICERS.

Motor Volunteer Corps Not a Comic Opera Body.

The statement that the privates in the Motor Volunteer Corps have succeeded in inducing the War Office to let them all call themselves "sergeants" because the title "private" is distasteful to men who own motor-cars, and in many cases are rich, is authoritatively denied.

In literature of the corps, however, the word "private" is now used as little as possible. The word employed is "member."

Member Oliver Stanton, the King's motor-car expert, yesterday indignantly denied the report that the corps is run on comic opera lines, or that its duties consist in taking favoured officers on pleasure jaunts.

Member Stanton says the corps is really engaged in genuine military work.

WANTED A BRIDE.

Former Workhouse Occupant Wants Guardians to Act as Match-Makers.

I am writing to you to ask your opinion whether I ought to marry," ran a letter from a young man now in Canada, formerly in Kingston Workhouse, read to the guardians yesterday.

"I have got in my mind a girl, aged twenty-one, who is quite willing, and Mr. Fraser told me to get married and settle down, as he will give me one of his houses, and please would you try and put me in communication with Minchett Buckland, the girl who was boarded out with me. I have not heard of her for five years. I will pay expenses if you can find her."

MOROCCO PRETENDER DEFEATED.

TANGIER, Wednesday.—Mohammed El Torres, the Sultan's Representative for Foreign Affairs, has just received a telegram announcing a splendid victory of the Imperial troops over the Pretender's forces near Ujda.

The Pretender, it is stated, escaped, leaving 180 dead on the field, and many prisoners. The natives are greatly pleased at the news—Reuter.

On the other hand, the "Echo de Paris" reports that the Sultan's troops were routed and have taken refuge in Ujda.

KAISER FLOUTED.

How M. Delcasse Wished to Pit England Against Germany.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—An intensely interesting interview with M. Delcassé, the retired French Minister of Foreign Affairs, was published in "Le Gaulois" to-day.

It is not often a Minister—even a Ministre en retraite—speaks so frankly, and his remarks are sure to create a stir in the Chancelleries of Europe.

"Where is our interest?" M. Delcassé asked. "On the German or the British side? Our trade returns may make the first reply. Which is our best customer at the present time? Great Britain. We sell her hundreds of millions' worth per annum. Look at the commercial statistics. What does Germany buy from us? Nothing almost. But she sells us everything she can. That is the matter-of-fact part of international life, but it is a matter of daily bread.

"But supposing we raise the discussion to a somewhat higher plane, is it to be thought that we can fight England if we leave irritating questions open between her and ourselves? I well know that it was impossible to dispute the empire of the seas with Great Britain. For one ship that we build she takes three, four, or five on the stocks. It is better then to bow to cold reason and calculate what British power can avail us in certain eventualities at the cost of some apparent, not real, sacrifices on our part. What such support can do for us is to make it practically impossible for Germany to declare war on us."

After pointing out that Germany was in no way concerned with Morocco, M. Delcassé, says Reuter, continued thus:

"Yes, sir, mark this well. The entente cordiale was a step forward towards the détente of differences between Russia and Great Britain, a détente which the French Foreign Minister was able, and will always be able, to contrive.

"See what a glimpse into the future I thought I should be opening up when I arranged the meeting of the two fleets which are the incarnation of the mastery of the sea. The increase of our influence in the councils of Great Britain by such an even made it possible to set about the other task, the accomplishment of which would guarantee for a long time the peace of the world."

In conclusion, M. Delcassé, referring to the acceptance of a conference by France, declared that to go to the conference was a mistake, and a very great one.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Government in Danger Over the Volunteer Debate.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Wednesday Night.—Ominous rumours are about as to the outcome of the division on the Volunteer debate tomorrow afternoon. A large number of Government supporters are so dissatisfied with Mr. Arnold-Forster's circular that they have informed the Whigs of their inability to support the Government in the division, while another section will openly vote against the Government.

Backed by an active ring, the Irish members, who are in fighting mood over the redistribution proposals, will give the Government Whips an anxious time if they attempt to avert defeat.

Sir Francis Evans has retired from the Select Committee on the London Electrical Stirring Bill, and there are rumours that Sir John Stirling Maxwell and Mr. Rutherford will follow suit shortly. The prospects of getting the Bill passed this session grow smaller daily.

RUSSIAN SAILORS REBEL.

Crews of Warships at Revel Disarmed by the Authorities.

Discontent with the food has caused a demonstration by the sailors of the Russian cruiser *Minin*, now lying at Revel.

Over 700 men refused to eat their dinner, says Reuter, and the sailors of the *Minin* and *Kremli* have been deprived of their firearms.

It is expected that the Potemkin mutineers will be expelled from Rumania. The vessel herself has been towed to Sevastopol by the *Chesme*.

CHINA AND PEACE CONFERENCE.

M. Miravieff will not proceed to Washington to take part in the peace conference. Ill-health is assigned as a reason.

China has notified the belligerents that she will refuse to recognise any arrangements made affecting her interests, says Reuter, unless first consulted.

PRESS GAGGED AT ODESSA.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Wednesday.—The Governor-General has issued a proclamation forbidding publication of any facts concerning the late riots, unless officially communicated, under penalties of martial law.

The endeavours of the local papers to get at the full truth are thus quashed.

KING AT SHEFFIELD.

Cutlers' Town Gives Splendid Welcome to Their Majesties.

WONDERFUL DECORATIONS

Seldom have the King and Queen received such a splendid welcome as that given them by Sheffield yesterday.

They were received at the station by the Lord Mayor, who was presented to their Majesties by the Marquis of Londonderry. But it was not the formal welcome which was so impressive.

The streets for miles were packed with the strong-lunged Yorkshire folk, and as the King and Queen passed, escorted by the Hussars, such a roar of welcome went up that the clanging of bells and beating of drums were drowned and lost in the cheering.

The decorations of Sheffield were on most original lines. Discarding the orthodox Venetian masts, the citizens had adorned the approach to the town hall with columns and arches of a white material that looked like marble, the whole being hung with green festoons in imitation of a Greek garden. Other decorations in various parts of the town were equally unorthodox and effective. There were five triumphal arches, one of them 10ft. high. Addresses were presented at the town hall on behalf of the Corporation, the Company of Cutlers, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Town Trustees.

PLEASED BY CHILDREN'S SINGING.

After lunch the procession was re-formed and wound its way to the University buildings, the church bells rang out merry peals, and schoolchildren stationed along the route sang "God Save the King." Their Majesties seemed specially pleased with the children's welcome, and smiled smugly.

In his reply to the University's address of welcome, the King said:—

The college will foster the spirit of enterprise which was so distinguished a characteristic of British commerce in the past, and encourage the spread of that technical and scientific training which is now more than ever necessary to enable Great Britain to hold her commercial position.

After leaving the University, his Majesty presented new colours to the Second Battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, and unveiled a memorial to the men of the York and Lancaster Regiment who fell in South Africa.

Their Majesties left the city for Knowsley about five o'clock in the afternoon.

HOSPITAL CHILD'S APPEAL.

In anticipation of the royal visit, a little girl in the Sheffield Children's Hospital wrote to the Duke of Norfolk:—

Please Duke of Norfolk,—Please will you ask the King and Queen to go slowly pass (sic) the hospital so that we can see him. We want to see him very much.

One of the patients in the girls ward.

The reply of the Duke of Norfolk, addressed to the matron of the hospital, states:—

Norfolk House, St. James's-square, July 10.

Dear Madam,—Will you tell May Green that I will do what I can to ensure what she asks, and that I hope it will be all right, but that it must depend upon whether there is time to go slowly or not.—Yours very faithfully,

NORFOLK.

ACCIDENT ON WARSHIP.

Two Men Killed and Seven Injured on the Implacable.

Two men were killed and seven wounded on the battleship *Implacable* yesterday by the explosion of the main steam-pipe.

The accident occurred as the *Implacable* was steaming out of Gibraltar harbour to meet the Mediterranean Fleet coming from Barcelona.

James Nicoll, leading stoker, and Sydney James Johnson, stoker, were killed on the spot.

The injured were Walter Culham and Ambrose Truscott, engine-room artificers, and John Webber, Joseph Platt, Ernest Eley, Frederick Baxter, and William Grenfell, stokers.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A man, who was engaged in the clandestine manufacture of bombs, was blown up in a house near Marseilles.

Two Hungarian shepherds were killed in a racial fight that took place during some festivities at Poiana, on the Hungarian-Romanian frontier.

The first ascent of the Matterhorn this season has been made by Dr. von Leyden, of Cologne, and M. Buchmann, of Lucerne.

By the bursting of the tailings dam of the Pretoria mine at Pretoria the workings of the Pretoria District mine have been turned into a sea of mud.

AUTOMATIC RIFLE TRIALS AT BISLEY.

Enthusiasm Over "Daily Mirror's"

Offer of £75 Prize Money.

TESTS TO-MORROW.

The "Daily Mirror" will give £75 in prizes to the winners in a competition with automatic rifles at Bisley.

The competitions will be held to-morrow (Friday), July 14, and on Saturday, July 22.

The announcement that the *Daily Mirror* has arranged an up-to-date automatic rifle competition was received at Bisley yesterday with great enthusiasm.

The contest will open to-morrow. A grand opportunity will then be afforded to demonstrate the value of automatic rifles as compared with those of the ordinary type.

Experiments made at Bisley yesterday with one of the automatic rifles which will be used in the competition showed that it could be fired at the rate of thirty-two rounds in half a minute. This shooting was done with the West-Ashton rifle. But there are other automatic rifles in the field, and perhaps they are able to do as well. This will be shown no doubt in the Bisley shootings.

Colonel Crosse, the secretary of the National Rifle Association, has notified all the Military Attachés of foreign Powers at Bisley about the automatic rifle trials.

Russian's Keen Interest.

So much interested was the Russian Military Attaché in the *Daily Mirror* trials that he telegraphed to Colonel Crosse asking for certain particulars.

Automatic rifle trials in connection with the *Daily Mirror* competition took place yesterday on Range 5. It was packed with spectators eagerly watching the swift shooting.

In the competition which takes place to-morrow, competitors who use an automatic rifle will shoot against single competitors, but when candidates shoot with a hand-loaded magazine rifle two of them will be "taken on" by an automatic marksman.

This shows a confidence that a rifleman armed with an "automatic" is equal to two who use the other kind of firearm.

Colonel Crosse spoke enthusiastically of the automatic rifle. It shoots more quickly than once a second.

Naval Officer's Opinion.

Warrant-officer Raven, of the Royal Navy, a crack marksman, informed the *Daily Mirror* that he considered the West-Ashton automatic rifle, which was used yesterday, an excellent one, and in the hands of a smart man a deadly weapon. This is high praise from such a "crack."

Mr. Raven has determined to enter for the *Daily Mirror* competition, both to-morrow and on Saturday week.

Mrs. Way, the South African shot, has shown great interest in the new rifle, and will also enter for the competition.

The official terms of the competition follow:—

"DAILY MIRROR" AUTOMATIC RIFLE COMPETITION PERIOD.

(Two Unqualified Competitions, Friday, 14th, and Saturday, 22nd. Unlimited entries.)

Open to any single competitor firing with an Automatic Rifle, or to two competitors each firing with any hand-loaded magazine rifle. (Weight of automatic rifle, 10 lbs.; weight of magazine rifle, 12 lbs.)

Aggregate value £75, given by the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror*, and divided as follows:—

First prize £10. Second Saturday, 22nd, £24.

Second prize Friday, 14th, £8. Saturday, 22nd, £16.

Third prize Friday, 14th, £5. Saturday, 22nd, £10.

£25

Distance, 200 yards.

Target, head and shoulders.

Number of shots, unlimited.

Entrance fee, 5s.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

1. The target will appear four times, and each appearance will be for nine seconds, with intervals of ten seconds between each appearance. Each appearance will be at a different place along the length of half the butt (about 25 yards).
2. Two competitors or pairs of competitors may compete twice consecutively if there are any other competitors waiting to compete.
3. Each pair of competitors must use the same description of rifle, and no competitor may shoot in the same pair.
4. On Saturday, 22nd, the Bisley committee reserve the right to nominate the order of shooting, and also to cancel special condition No. 2, either in whole or part, without notice.

Mr. Hallé, of the Hallé Automatic Firearms Syndicate, Limited, writes approving of the competition. His rifle has defeated the ordinary service rifle, and it is hoped that its merits will be demonstrated at the Bisley meeting.

COW AS MOONLIGHTER.

The mystery surrounding the mutilation of several valuable horses at Greenfield, near Manchester, has been solved.

The culprit proves to be a milch cow, which was seen to gore a horse, inflicting a wound 10in. long.

QUEEN'S COTTON GLOVES.

Her Majesty Sets an Example of Economy to Women.

Quite a revolution in fashion has been effected by the Queen. Her Majesty last Saturday afternoon appeared at Hurlingham wearing long white cotton gloves with her short-sleeved dress.

When the discovery was made there was quite a rush of smart women to the royal stand to verify the astonishing fact by the evidence of their own eyes, and for the rest of the afternoon all feminine eyes were focussed upon her Majesty's graceful hands and arms as she wielded fan and parasol or played with her programme.

Since there has been an unusual demand for white cotton gloves. It is a well-known fact that her Majesty dislikes extravagance in dress, and, knowing that any act of hers is widely noticed and followed, she has set an example of economy by wearing cotton, which will now henceforth be the fashionable glove wear.

The fashions this season have all necessitated short sleeves, and, therefore, long gloves must be worn. These cost, at their cheapest, 8s. a pair, and most people give eight or nine shillings for the best and softest white kid or pale-coloured French suede. These gloves are usually only worn once, for a really smart woman would never wear cleaned gloves, and the cost is no bagatelle even in the case of a liberal dress allowance.

Smart women confronted with a glove-bill for the

season of £30 to £50 are loud in their rejoicings at the advent of a cheaper fashion, and her Majesty's reforming step has earned considerable gratitude.

CASE AGAINST EX-M.P.

£23,000 Lost in the Three Years' Existence of a Company.

The Newcastle magistrates were occupied yesterday for the fourth time in hearing the charges of misappropriation of over £26,000, which are being preferred against Mr. John Lockie, ex-M.P. for Devonport, formerly shipowner, of Newcastle.

Two witnesses stated yesterday that in consideration of purchasing £1,000 worth of shares in shipping companies they got certain contracts, but they never got any balance-sheets, and eventually lost their money, not being consulted as to the transactions of the companies.

The liquidator of the Tyne Brass and Copper Tube Company spoke to various transactions with regard to it, and said it lost over £23,000 in the three years of its existence.

The case was adjourned.

AMERICAN BEAUTIES' TOUR.

How the Tower of London Impressed the Fair of Cincinnati.

At the early hour of eight yesterday morning the seventy "American Beauties" started in five great brakets with the intention of "doing London right brown," as one dark-eyed damsel remarked.

"It's a misconception we are all beauties," this lady went on to explain.

The *Daily Mirror* interposed a polite denial.

"Anyhow, we got the vote for the most popular women in our cities."

The Tower was found "a trifle dark and creepy," but the British Museum evoked unalloyed enthusiasm.

Afterwards a drive through West End streets to Hyde Park enabled our fair visitors to form a highly-favourable opinion of London.

This morning shopping will be indulged in.

CAMBRIDGE BEAT OXFORD.

Light Blues Score at Bisley After a Close and Exciting Contest.

Many more competitors arrived at Bisley yesterday, and the camp presented a very animated appearance.

The offer of prizes made by the *Daily Mirror* in connection with automatic guns aroused much interest.

The chief event in the morning was the match between teams of four representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities.

After an exciting struggle, in which Oxford picked up at the last range nine out of fourteen points lost at the previous distances, Cambridge won by five points.

In the afternoon the Halford Memorial was shot for 900 and 1,000 yards, and was won by Mr. Rogers, the secretary of the English Eight Club, with a total score of 134.

A number of highest possible scores were scored during the day in the unfinished competitions.

£1,750 FOR A SHAKESPEARE QUARTO.

Another record was broken at Sotheby's yesterday, when a copy of the fourth quarto of Shakespeare's "King Richard III." realised £1,750.

SOLE SURVIVOR OF PIT DISASTER

Tells His Story of the South Wales Catastrophe.

PITEOUS SCENES.

From the latest reports it would seem that 120 men lost their lives in the catastrophe at the United National Colliery at Wattstown, in South Wales. Nearly all the bodies have been recovered, some bearing awful signs of mutilation, others as though the men had slept peacefully into death.

All through Tuesday night the rescuers worked.

At the pithead watchers kept a vigil of grief, having abandoned all hope, and clinging merely to the prospect of claiming their dead.

In the dim light of dawn came the knell-like sound of the bell at the top of the shafts. The cage came up, and seventeen more bodies were added to the mournful rows that lay beneath their temporary shrouds in the improvised mortuary in the pit-head smithy.

So the day went on. Each time the cage came up it was laden with dead. Grief-stricken women and weeping children crowded to identify the bodies; strong men turned away to hide their grief.

One of the most pitiful features of the disaster is that forty boys have perished, and as the little bodies were removed to the mortuary the crowd were deeply moved.

Interview with Explorer.

Mr. D. Watts Morgan, who had been down in the mine all night, said, in an interview with the *Daily Mirror*: "One little boy had gone under the shelter of a slip of coal and had his little tin jack of water, his arms embracing it tightly, and had gone as if quietly to sleep."

"Oh, he was heartrending. Some of the men lay on their faces with their caps in their mouths, trying to avoid the deadly blast."

The survivor of the disaster, William Day, in an interview, stated:—

"Shortly before twelve o'clock I was in the lamp-locking cabin which is a short distance from the bottom of the shaft, when there was a severe shock, and a big rush of air came. Knowing that something serious had happened, I at once took my tongs from my jacket, wrenched the jacket, and held the garment over my mouth and nostrils and laid down."

"The tea dried, and I poured out what was left in the cup and again held the jacket to my mouth. At last I became unconscious, and I remembered no more till I came to at home in bed."

By some of those who have been down in the mine the disaster is attributed to shot-firing.

RUNAWAY TRAIN.

Serious Disaster Only Avoided by the Coolness of the Guard.

There was a startling railway accident on the London and North-Western Railway near Birmingham yesterday.

Thirty-five railway trucks, each laden with ten tons of coal, broke away on an incline, and after racing downhill for some miles dashed into some empty trucks on a siding with terrific force.

Five trucks were splintered, the fragments being hurled in all directions, but, thanks to the promptness of the railwaymen, no one was injured.

The trucks had been left on a siding near Hagley station, the engine being detached. The heavy trucks were on, but the train suddenly began to move. As there was a downhill run of four miles before it, the prospect was serious.

The guard, George Howells, jumped into the van and tried to stop it with the brakes, but in vain. The heavy train gradually gathered speed, and at last he had to jump for his life.

Fortunately telephone messages were sent ahead, and the trucks were deflected into a siding.

MUSIC PIRACY BILL.

The text of the new Government Musical Copyright Bill was published yesterday.

It provides that any person selling, offering for sale, or having in possession pirated music or plates shall be liable to forfeit of all copies and plates, and also to a fine up to a shilling for each copy and five pounds for each plate.

A court of summary jurisdiction may grant a search warrant authorising a constable to search any suspected premises.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S NEW MOTOR

Princess Christian has granted Messrs. Thornycroft a royal warrant for supplying motor-cars. The 24-h.p. landauette her Royal Highness obtained from this firm is to be fitted with a speed-gauge.

PRIMA DONNA IN TEARS.

Three Rooms of Flowers to Mark Mile. Bauermeister's Farewell.

There was a touching scene at the Bauermeister matinée, which was given at Covent Garden Theatre yesterday.

After Mme. Melba, who had arranged the performance in aid of her friend, had sung in the first two acts of "Romeo and Juliette" with Mile. Bauermeister, the curtain rose and showed Melba and Mile. Bauermeister in the centre of the stage, whilst in a huge semicircle behind were banked the splendid flowers sent to the retiring singer.

Mile. Bauermeister began to speak, but overcome by emotion, wept on Melba's shoulder. At last, however, she was able to speak a few words.

"I can hardly realise that I shall never sing any more here, but I know that now I must give way to younger singers. I have tried to do my duty to you all, whom I love, and now I say good-bye."

"But for my dear Mine, Melba," said the singer, turning to look for Mine. Melba, who had crept away, "but for her I should not have had this benefit. Ask her to come out and speak to you."

Mile. Bauermeister beckoned for Melba, but the famous singer only came forward with an air of mock indignation, and threw another bouquet at her.

Melba merely bowed, and, so, amidst cheers (and tears) Mile. Bauermeister waved her farewells to the house.

For forty years the singer has sung in opera in London, and her name is familiar to everyone.

Everybody who was anybody was in the theatre yesterday. Princess Christian and Princess Henry of Battenberg were in the royal box. Lady de Grey set a new fashion by sitting in the stalls with her hat off, the Duchesses of Portland, Manchester, Marlborough, Westminster, and Sutherland were present, and many other distinguished people.

The performance is said to have realised £1,500.

MR. BODIE'S TITLES.

Music-Hall Bonestetter Elected to Well-Known Societies.

Mr. Walford Bodie, who professes to cure sufferers from dislocated bones and joints in musical halls, is no longer able to call himself "doctor," "M.D.," or "surgeon" in this country. The fine of £5 imposed upon him at the Lambeth Police Court effectively puts a stop to this.

But he evidently still hankers after honorific titles, wanting them no doubt to replace those which the law will not allow him to assume any longer.

Thus it is announced by the "Banshire Journal" a newspaper circulating in the Scottish district where Mr. Bodie owns considerable property, that he has been "elected" a member of the Royal Society of Arts, London, and also a fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute.

What do the other members and fellows of these well-known and presumably serious societies say to the inclusion of Mr. Bodie among their number?

GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Jealousy of a Woman Leads to Revolver Shots at Night.

A crime due to jealousy was investigated at Bristol Assizes yesterday, when Cornelius Vale, fifty, was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for unlawfully wounding.

Vale, a married man separated from his wife, formed an intimacy with a woman named Beatrice Tabb, which extended over five years.

At the end of that time Miss Tabb wrote saying she was engaged to marry a young man named William Wilson.

Vale watched the engaged couple parting at eleven o'clock one night, and fired several pistol shots, one of which passed through Wilson's neck.

"I hope, I have shot him," he said when arrested. "I wish I had shot myself."

The defence raised was that the revolver went off during a struggle.

VACCINATING THE DEAD.

Vaccination officers are sometimes over-zealous in the discharge of their duties.

In a case brought before the notice of the Croydon Board of Guardians the child whom the vaccinator was anxious should be vaccinated had been dead eight years.

MARTYR TO DUTY.

Sir Jacob Wilson, who died from heart failure at his residence, Chillingham Barns, Northumberland, is thought to have over-exerted himself in connection with the recent Royal Agricultural Show in London.

SIR HARRY MACLEAN IN DIVORCE COURT.

Story of Moroccan Magnate's Sad

Married Life.

ROMANCE OF EMPTY HOUSE

The secret tragedy of the life of Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, the military right-hand man of the Sultan of Morocco, was told in the Divorce Court yesterday.

It was an interesting story that was told to Sir F. Gorell Barnes and a special jury. Sir Harry petitioned for a divorce on the ground that his wife had been guilty of misconduct with a gentleman named Mortimer, formerly an officer in the English Army.

Mr. Hume Williams stated that Surgeon-General Maclean was the father of Sir Harry, who was now and had been for many years in charge of the Moroccan army. Sir Harry was born in 1848, and in 1869 he joined the 6th Foot, in which regiment he remained till 1886.

The facts of the case were long, painful, and complicated.

Handsome Presents.

The case they had to consider extended over a lengthy period, during which the conduct of the respondent and co-respondent was of such a character that he felt sure they would have no doubt as to what was the condition of affairs.

Sir Harry first met his wife in Gibraltar, in August, 1882, and eventually, after some considerable acquaintance, they were married. Unfortunately, Lady Maclean took to drink, and from thence onwards from time to time she began to be absolutely ungovernable. The drink habit increased in intensity.

They had a house in Tangier, and on November 6, 1903, Lady Maclean left her residence there and went with her maid, Miss Smith, to Gibraltar, where she stayed at the Cecil Hotel. While there she was introduced to Lieutenant Mortimer, who was then an officer in the Royal Garrison Regiment, and the intimacy commenced. Mr. Mortimer had a house at Catelan Bank, and it appeared that they were very frequently in each other's company. Subsequently Sir Harry had occasion to come to England, and there Mortimer was introduced to him.

They had dinner together, and soon afterwards Lady Maclean returned to Tangier, where she again met Mortimer. She made him handsome presents of diamonds, a tantalus, and so on. On November 21 Sir Harry returned to Morocco, and while he was there Lady Maclean carried on the same intimacy.

Spanish Extraction.

Next door to their house in Tangier was an empty house. Lady Maclean was a lady of Spanish extraction, and could not very well conduct her own correspondence. Therefore, she got her maid, Miss Smith, to conduct it for her. The empty house was only separated from the Kaid's house by a wire fencing, and when trouble arose in Morocco it became necessary for Sir Harry to have his house guarded.

In this empty house Mr. Mortimer was to be found, and they were able in this way to communicate. On one night, when Sir Harry was away, Lady Maclean ordered the guards to be removed. Counsel then proceeded to detail suspicious circumstances.

He said Miss Smith not only maintained the correspondence of Lady Maclean with her husband, but, curiously enough, with Mr. Mortimer himself. A steward was bringing to Mr. Mortimer baskets of fruit and flowers from Lady Maclean, with little notes written both in Spanish and in English.

Miss Edith Maclean wrote to her father telling of the visits of Mr. Mortimer and his friends to the house, and Lady Maclean asked her why she wrote such things. Lady Maclean afterwards wrote up the letter.

Counsel then proceeded to detail the gift of a horse which Lady Maclean had purchased from a "head man" of Morocco in Tangier, for the purpose of giving it to the co-respondent.

At this point the case was adjourned.

CASUAL DEBTOR.

"I pay other creditors a little when I can, and if I pay nothing they never worry," said a debtor at Bow County Court yesterday. "This man" (the plaintiff) "is the only one who worries me at all."

"You had better pay this—you seem fairly lucky," said the Judge.

DIVORCE GOWNS.

An enterprising London dressmaker is advertising a novelty in the shape of "Divorce Outfits" says "Truth." It might be said now that every English bride carries in her dressing-bag a decree nisi. There is but one step from the altar to the witness-box—the false step.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

New Role of Unsuccessful Plaintiff—Amusing Evidence.

A little scene strongly reminiscent of Bardell v. Pickwick was enacted in the Westminster County Court yesterday.

Point was lent to the parallel by the fact that the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, whose love for Dickens is well known, sued Walter Harris, carrier, of Sutton, for £14 damages done to his brougham by defendant's servant's negligence.

Mr. Chamberlain's coachman, William Scott, a round, rosy-looking man, the prototype of Mr. Weller, described the accident.

"You did not think you had a special right to the road?" inquired the counsel blandly.

"Certainly," replied Scott.

"Why?" queried the Judge with interest.

"Well, sir, we are public characters—Mr. Chamberlain is, at any rate."

"Quite so, a little preference."

"Yes, sir."

"But you did not approve of retaliation?"

"No, sir," rather dubiously replied the witness, looking puzzled.

When William Haberdine, the driver of defendant's van, got in the box we found a modern Sam Weller. A small, sharp-featured man of the genial Cockney type, with hair cut long on the forehead, and keen, twinkling eyes, he prepared for the ordeal by bowing to the Judge, who smilingly acknowledged the salute.

In vain the plaintiff's counsel tried to shake his evidence.

"I put it to you that you were in the middle of the road."

"You said I was, I didn't; and I wasn't."

"Did you see the whole brougham when it came out of the side turning?"

"No, sir, I saw the horses first; they came out first."

After hearing this witness the Judge dismissed the case, finding against Mr. Chamberlain.

Damages of £20 were awarded, in the Westminster County Court yesterday, against Mr. L. V. Harcourt, M.P., for injuries sustained by a Mr. King by being "pushed" by the hon. gentleman's landau. Mr. Harcourt was driving to the House with Mr. Cochrane, M.P., at the time of the accident.

HIGHLAND SHOOTING AFFAIR.

Strange Case in Which American Millionaire's Sons Are Committed for Trial.

The sequel to the strange Highland shooting affray near Beaumont Castle, Lord Lovat's seat, in which Mr. Phipps, the well-known American millionaire, and his two sons were concerned, was enacted yesterday at Inverness, when J. Schaffer Phipps and Henry Carnegie Phipps were committed for trial on a charge of having recklessly discharged firearms whereby three men were injured, one to the danger of his life. Bail of £500 each was allowed.

It will be remembered that ten days ago Mr. Phipps, who is at present occupying Beaumont Castle, and his two sons observed some men in a boat on the river Beuly about midnight.

Thinking they were poachers, they hailed them. It was said that shots were afterwards fired for the purpose of frightening them. Three of the men were struck, and one of them seriously injured in the face, that his eye had afterwards to be removed.

Mr. Phipps did everything possible for the injured men.

LOST BABIES.

Charge Against a Woman Said To Have Abandoned a Child.

The fact that a number of children have been found abandoned in the neighbourhood of Slough during the last eighteen months created great interest in the appearance of a woman named Mary Budgen at the Slough Court yesterday.

Budgen was charged with abandoning an infant named Ivy Carter, in Upton Park, Slough, on June 4.

The mother of the child, a single woman, stated that she had given it to Mrs. Budgen to adopt, paying a sum of money at the same time.

Only formal evidence was tendered, the police not having been able to complete their case. An application for bail was opposed, on the ground that Mrs. Budgen intended joining her husband in Canada.

Eventually bail was granted in the prisoner's own surety of £50 and two others of £25 each.

PISTOLS AT A SCHOOL TREAT.

Some roughs last night attacked a wagonette containing a number of boys and girls, coming home from the outing of the Harvest-street Mission, Hoxton. One of the roughs was armed with a pistol, which he discharged, wounding a lad named Harry Woolf.

PRUDES ON THE PROWL.

Well-Known Liverpool Citizens in Trouble Over Sea Bathing.

Forty men, among whom were many well-known citizens of Liverpool, were yesterday charged for committing offences arising out of their dressing and undressing on the Wallasey beach, while bathing.

Among them were Mr. Charles Hill, a Sunday-school superintendent, and Mr. J. Ormrod, the secretary of the New Brighton Wesleyan Church. It was proved that all the defendants had kept strictly to the men's bathing quarters.

The police case was that they had doffed their bathing dresses in the presence of two young ladies. The father of the ladies in question put a different complexion on the matter, by stating that he was with his daughters, and that there was not the slightest cause for complaint at the conduct of the bathers.

All the cases were dismissed. Many of the defendants have bathed regularly on the shore for many years.

The action of the police has aroused intense indignation, because the proceedings were not taken up under the local by-laws, but on criminal charges.

Further trouble has been caused by the remarks of a local clergyman, who described the bathers as a danger to local feminine society.

Yesterday many hundreds of regular bathers organised a demonstration against this clergyman, who met them with a withdrawal of his statement.

MURDER CONFESSION.

Arrest Prevents Father of Accused Being Bearer at Victim's Funeral.

There was an important development in the tragedy at Wroxham, Norfolk, yesterday.

The police arrested Albert Bloom, a fisherman of nineteen, at Lowestoft Station yesterday on the charge of murdering Miss Dent, aged eighty, at Neatishead, who was found dead in her cottage, which had been ransacked.

Bloom is of boyish appearance and is of short stature. His parents live next door to the scene of the tragedy.

He declared that he obtained admission to the house through a little window, which he broke open with the broken knife found by the police.

The noise he made aroused Miss Dent, who came downstairs, whereupon he knocked her down. He then went upstairs and took some money—1s. or 12s.—and came down again.

Miss Dent began to scream, whereupon he hit her again with his fist, and then "held" her throat and "finished" her off."

At the funeral of the victim yesterday, Bloom's father, who is the village blacksmith, was to have been one of the bearers but for the dramatic developments reported above.

SEA-SHORE AND COUNTRY.

An Encyclopædia of Coast and Dale, Moor and Cliff, and River and Lake.

The diversity of our holiday resorts is remarkable, and strikes one forcibly on turning over the pages of the successful new publication, the *"Daily Mirror Holiday Resort Guide."* Here are described all the essential holiday features of the most fascinating and health-giving places by coast and in country, from the wild and bracing moors and storm-swept cliffs of Yorkshire, to the flowery lanes of Devonshire, from the lakes of Cumberland to the mild and sheltered southern coast, from the valleys, glens, and waterfalls of Wales to the silvery Thames.

Every detail that the holiday-seeker needs is there, every query that would cross his mind has been anticipated and answered. This book is a marvellous thruppenceworth.

SIR JOHN FISHER.

A study in the personality of the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty.
By Harold Begbie.

One of Many Strong Features in the July

"LONDON"

MAGAZINE.

OUT ON SATURDAY, PRICE 4½d.

SINS OF THE HEAT.

Crime and Minor Illnesses Increase with the Temperature.

MANY SUICIDES.

YESTERDAY'S MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE.
in the shade 78 deg.
in the sun 126 deg.

Ten cases of suicide have occurred in West Middlesex during the last nine days, and the coroner, commenting upon this yesterday, said he believed they were due to the state of the atmosphere.

There is no doubt that the present heat wave has been the cause of many mental and physical disorders, and the increase in the number of crimes that has accompanied it may be ascribed to the effects of the high temperature.

Deaths from heat are being reported from various parts of the country, and doctors are busy dealing with a number of minor ailments caused by it.

Slight strokes, mild cases of heat apoplexy, severe colds caught by people who have been overheated are troubles from which thousands are now suffering. Apart from these, nearly everyone is complaining of feeling "done up" and "run down."

How to Keep Cool.

"I am telling hundreds of people that they themselves are chiefly to blame for this," said a doctor to whom the weather has brought a sudden rush of patients. "The conservative Englishman has been wearing more sensible summer clothes lately, but he is still inclined to cling to dark suits for the City and West End."

"No man ought to wear a silk or bowler hat, or a frock coat or dark suit in this weather. Straw hats and light flannels are the only wear."

WAVE OF CRIME.

From various parts of the country come reports of crimes that may either directly or indirectly be ascribed to the excessive heat.

At Portsmouth Frederick Woodward, a gunner of the Royal Garrison Artillery, shot a woman named Elizabeth Dyer and then killed himself.

Woodward had known the woman three months, and had become infatuated with her, and though married, she represented herself as single.

The man discovered the truth, and the pair were talking amicably in a public-house, when suddenly three shots were heard. When the police arrived the woman was quite dead, and though the man showed signs of life, he expired on the way to the hospital.

Francis Lockwood, aged seventeen, whose body was found in the canal near Barnsley, wrote to his brother:

God bless my dear mother, and keep her from thinking about me. I am no good, and was tempted.—From your good-for-nothing brother, Francis.

When recovered, the body had stones weighing about 50lb. tied to the neck.

Margaret Mulcahy, a farmer's wife, aged thirty-seven, has been found strangled in a bog near her home at Barradown, Co. Cork. Mrs. Mulcahy's sister, who was visiting her, states that she left home with her husband yesterday for a walk. Mr. Mulcahy was found hiding in a wood, and was arrested.

As members of a beanfeast party from Battersea were refused drink at a public-house at Egham, one of them assaulted the publican. A disturbance followed, and eventually the whole of the Egham police arrived. During the struggle two constables were injured, three or four civilians were knocked down, and one badly kicked.

One constable's helmet was kicked to pieces on his head. At Chertsey three of the men were sentenced to three months' hard labour, another to a month, and eight to fourteen days.

At Bow-street yesterday George Herd was charged with having attempted to commit suicide in the Gray's-inn-road Police Station. The police said he walked into the station and asked to see the inspector, and while waiting to see him drank from a bottle containing oxalic acid. Herd was remanded.

HYDE PARK MYSTERY.

The police are unable to clear up the mystery surrounding the tragic deaths of the sailor and young girl found shot in Hyde Park.

The girl is Edna Archer, and last week she was living in a boarding-house in Southwark. She was engaged to a sailor named Boling, who is now with the fleet at Lisbon, and no one knows why she should have gone out with John Stevenson, the man found dying by her body.

The man called at the boarding-house, and finding the girl out left a note for her. Upon receiving it she went out, presumably to meet him, and her friends did not again see her alive.

SPORTING FINISH TO LORD'S MATCH.

Amateurs Draw In Time, but
Continued the Match.

VICTORY FOR PLAYERS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

There was some very interesting cricket at Lord's yesterday, and as the full time did not suffice to finish the match, the game was continued after the schedule time, and the Players won by 149 runs.

Batting is at present streets ahead of the bowling, always bearing a real bad bit of mud. Especially weak this year is the Gentlemen's bowling, and in this present match, Jackson being a trifler off form and Bosanquet's length quite lost, there was only one really good bowler on the side—Breamley.

Yesterday morning Hayward and Hirst found the bowling quite simple, and runs came steadily, although not at a great pace. Breamley, Evans, and Bosanquet had a go, but no separation could be effected.

At a quarter past twelve, the score for the second innings being 293 for four, and the Players 464 ahead, Lilley declared his innings closed. Hayward carried his bat for 123 not-out, made in absolutely faultless style, every shot being plumb in the middle of the bat. He scored faster through his innings than he generally does in big fixtures, and made some perfect shots on the side.

HIRST'S BREEZY BATTING.

Hirst finished up with 58 not out, made in his own breezy style. His knock included some fine drives and pulls, but he did not go for the bowling as hard as was anticipated considering the state of the game.

The Gentlemen started on their second knock in a hopeless position as far as getting the runs went, as there were just five hours and three-quarters to go. Had they meant winning the match they must have started forcing cricket from the outset, which was obviously too dangerous.

Fry and Warner opened for the Gentlemen, Hirst and Lees being entrusted with the bowling. Big things were expected from Fry after his failure in the first knock, but for once he failed in both knocks, for with 13 on the board he was bowled by a real good one from Lees.

Spooner joined Warner, and a long and valuable stand was the result. Both played careful cricket, tempered with fine shots, and both scored about the same pace. Warner, as usual, was very strong on the leg side, his glancing shots being beautifully timed and placed, while Spooner depended most on the cut and off drive.

PLAYERS' VARIED ATTACK.

All sorts of bowling changes were attempted, Rhodes, Haigh, Arnold, and Hayes all having a try, but Warner and Spooner were together at last, the score then being 97-1.

After lunch runs came steadily, both batsmen making fine blows, but taking a lot of care. Spooner was lucky with one from Lees which flew between Hayes and Hayward in the slips, and was just out of reach of both. This is the sort of thing that is continually happening to Lees, who is perhaps the unluckiest bowler in England. Both players reached the fifty at practically the same time, Spooner being about an over ahead.

Then Spooner got some few in front, but Warner being on to him, and with a couple of four's from Haigh, who had come on for Lees at the pavilion end, he passed him at 72-6.

Hayes had meanwhile annexed the nursery end, and a lot of singles came off his leg breaks. In the first hour after lunch 84 went up, Mr. Extras scoring rather heavily. The running was very slack, as with but 23 hours to go there were still nearly 300 wanted to win, which was almost impossible. With 182 up, Rhodes had a dash at the nursery end. He opened with a maiden, owing to fine fielding on the off side.

WARNER BREAKS HIS BAT.

The next over Warner smashed a piece off his bat, half the size of London; it was a case of "not quite in the middle, sir."

The 200 went up just after four o'clock from a rather lucky shot to Warner, which flew wide of Hayes at short slip.

At 202 Spooner's fine knock came to an end, as in cutting at Arnold, who had just displaced Haigh, he was under the ball and caught at the wicket. His 81 was made by fine sporting cricket all round the wicket, and spectators were lucky indeed to get a good glimpse of the Lancashire player's true form. His partnership with Warner yielded 193.

Followed Jackson, who got off the mark with a single off his first ball; this was nearly his last effort, however, for in the next over he was missed at extra cover by Haigh off Rhodes. In the next over Warner had a touch of luck, for one off the

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

"My husband threw a bucket of water over me," complained a woman at the Thames Court yesterday. "I wish someone would do the same over me," said Mr. Cluer, the magistrate.

Wireless telegraphy, says Mr. Pretzman, in reply to Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., has been adopted on all battleships and cruisers and certain capital ships.

Glamorgan County Council are circularising the local authorities in their area in favour of monopolising all existing untouched springs in the county for the district water supply.

Latest reports point to a remarkably good grouse season all over the north of England. In several quarters it is said that the sport afforded will be the best known for twenty years past.

Forty tons of tomatoes are landed every week at the English ports from abroad, but in the matter of tomatoes there has been a great falling-off this season, less than half the usual amount having been imported.

Change in the fashion of shirts has resulted in millions of pearl buttons being turned out at Birmingham. They take the place of studs, and, although the demand has been enormous, there has been no scarcity of pearl.

Five thousand Orangemen participated in the Twelfth of July (battle of the Boyne) demonstration at Belfast yesterday. Amid great enthusiasm they marched through the city, the procession being witnessed by 100,000 people. Nothing unusual occurred.

Official returns made by Mr. Arnold-Forster yesterday show that between October, 1903, and last month, 696 men were recruited for twelve years' service with the colours, 1,946 for three years, and 14,211 for nine years, making a total of 16,853.

According to present arrangements King Edward will arrive at Eastbourne on Saturday afternoon on a week-end visit to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Burnley's last small-pox patient was discharged from hospital yesterday. It is estimated that the epidemic has cost the town about £2,200, or about £20 per patient.

"What can you get out of a penny shave?" said a barber distressfully at Bow County Court yesterday, "when some of the faces are like going all round the world to earn it?"

Side by side, two Gosberton (Lincolnshire) boys were fishing in a local stream when they simultaneously hooked the same fish, a tench weighing 9lb., which they successfully landed.

No two men hold the same idea of life, said the Bishop of Colorado, at St. Lawrence Jewry, yesterday. The man of the highest ideals was the man who had experienced the greatest disappointments in life.

Llangollen revivalists were recently disturbed in their devotions by the town brass band, which played deafening music outside the meeting-place. The bandmaster has since apologised and promised that the "regrettable incident shall not occur again."

POSSIBLE KING AND QUEEN OF NORWAY.



It was stated yesterday that Prince Charles of Denmark, the husband of our Princess Maud, had been offered the throne of Norway, but there appears to be no truth in the rumour. It is just possible, however, that the offer might be made later on.

Breezy and elevated, One Tree Hill, Dulwich, has been acquired by the Camberwell Borough Council, and will be utilised as an open space at an early date.

With the approval of seventy per cent. of the tradesmen and the sanction of the borough council, Hammersmith costermongers are to retain their stalls in King-street.

Four pensioners on the Civil List of George IV. are still living, and five on William IV.'s list. Retired allowances to members of the late Queen Victoria's household total £20,563 yearly.

In succession to the Rev. Dr. Bickersteth, the Rev. W. W. Hough, organising secretary of the Southwark Diocesan Society, has been appointed by the Earl of Dartmouth to the living of St. Mary's, Lewisham.

King Edward had commanded that special facilities should be afforded the members of the International Society of Chemical Industry when they went over the state apartments at Windsor Castle yesterday. The mayor and corporation entertained the visitors.

Eight miles for a penny in luxurious carriages is cheap travelling, but the G.N.R., who introduced this speciality in the shape of half-day excursions from London to Skegness at Whitstable, have found it so successful that the trip is to be repeated on Sunday, leaving King's Cross at 11.30 a.m., and also every Thursday during July and August.

Local Government Board officials are to be hustled by Devonians. A deputation from the Tiverton Town Council is to wait upon them respecting their dilatoriness in expressing an opinion upon a scheme for electric lighting approved by the corporation in 1904. The provisional order was obtained fifteen years ago.

Shipping traffic in the Channel was much impeded by fog yesterday, and the ss. Maidstone, from Calais, striking the Admiralty Pier at Dover, was damaged.

Of exceptional size are numbers of scarlet-runner beans now growing in a garden in Well-street, Hackney. The leaves measure over fifteen inches across, whilst the stalks, over twenty-two inches long, bear from three to four dozen beans and blooms.

Members of the Boilermakers' Society, forming a large proportion of the shipyard hands employed on the North-East coast, have given notice of a demand for an increase of wages of five per cent. on piecework and 1s. 6d. per week on time. This is equal to the reduction suffered at the beginning of the year.

An amorous old gentleman of eighty-six years appealed to the Watford Board of Guardians yesterday to provide him with a wife, his only stipulation being that she should be about forty. Unfortunately the guardians could not oblige him, and the octogenarian suitor left the meeting evidently disappointed.

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THINKING OF HOLIDAYS? Then buy the
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IT TELLS WHERE TO GO, HOW TO GET THERE, WHERE TO STAY.

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STOCKMARKETS MORE SANGUINE.

Period of Liquidation Thought To Be Past.

CONSOLS RECOVER.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday Evening.—Stock markets, starting in somewhat uncertain mood, developed a moderate show of strength later in the day. There is certainly some evidence of a more sanguine feeling prevailing in certain of the investment sections. For a long time past the market dealers have been extremely cautious. Most of them have tried to keep their books even, and if anything, have been rather inclined to be a little short of stock than to have too much of it. Recently, however, brokers of an observant turn of mind, on going into the market, have discovered rather a change.

There has been a good deal of willingness at the present Settlement, for instance, to take stock for cash on the part of the dealers, which looks as though they recognise that it is not well to be short. Now this kind of thing is often a sign of the times. There may be no real market recognition of the prospects. But it is out of these shows of market sentiment that movements are made, and it would not be surprising to find markets shaping better.

Consols to-day, for instance, recovered from slight depression, and closed at 90½, although they are talking of the coming of a new Indian sterling loan of a substantial amount, some say £12,000,000. It has the effect of keeping India descriptions dull, but otherwise the gilt-edged market shows some real resistance.

KAFFIRS RATHER OVERSOLD.

One good point is that market men are not so pessimistic about failure. They admit that there has had to be a certain amount of arrangement, but they say that the liquidation, such as was necessary, is practically over. Some think that Kaffirs have been rather oversold, and should recover. That does not necessarily mean on merits, of course. But there seems to be an idea that if there are to be any failures they will be quite insignificant. So Kaffirs were a firmer market, and very much the same applies to the other mining sections, Westralians lifting up their heads, and even West Africans and Egyptians showing a rather bolder front.

Home Railways were a little mixed. The traffics were not disliked, but the stocks of some of the leading goods-carrying lines were dullish, while the speculative favourites and Scotch stocks were firmer. Glasgow bought Scottish stock. The shortage of stock in the Home Railway section is one of the best points to notice at the moment. Lancashire and Yorkshire were dull on fears of a cotton strike.

Americans had an unexpectedly good crop report. This caused a certain amount of buying here, in spite of the poor advices from New York overnight. This afternoon New York sold, and the close was quiet and heavy.

FOREIGN RAILWAY ACTIVITY.

There seemed to be a certain amount of buying of Canadian Rails, and especially of some of the recent 4 per cent. issues, like Grand Trunk Pacific Four per Cent. bonds at 101½, and especially the Canada Atlantic Four per Cent. scrip at 14½ premium, owing to its relative cheapness.

Once more the chief sensations of the day were afforded by the Foreign Railway group. This has become quite a daily story. Buenos Ayres buying of Argentine Rails was reinforced by buying here, thanks to a good array of traffics, and all Argentine Rails were put better.

The Foreign traffics were good all along the line. Mexican Rails were helped for this same reason. But, rather oddly, Leopoldinas did not respond to an excellent traffic.

The Paris favourites seemed a little dull. There was no particular reason for it. Japanese descriptions, however, were firmer on the success of the new loan, which is now called ½ premium for special settlement. There was buying of Chinese on the peace prospects. Argentines and Brazilians were also better supported.

The improved earnings shown by the National Telephone report caused another smart rise in National Telephone descriptions. Some of the bank shares, too, were better, as a result of the dividends, which have been for the most part maintained. There was quite a sharp rally in London Dock Deferred at 60½, the earnings figures being expected in the next fortnight or so.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1893.

THE PERIL OF THE MINE.

THEY tell a story of some famous commander who was wounded in battle and terribly thirsty. To get at water a zone of fire had to be crossed. Two men tried to cross it and fell. A third was more successful. Yet when he was given the water the wounded man poured it on the ground. "I could not drink it," he groaned out. "It would choke me. It is my brave men's blood."

Do you ever feel like that when you put coal on the fire? It seems so natural to have coal. It comes regularly from the coal-mERCHANTS. You have a vague idea that it is got out of mines, and that miners go down every day to work in them. Chiefly you feel sorry for them because it must be such a dirty job.

Then one day you read of a colliery accident. An explosion. A hundred and fifty miners entombed. Sixty, seventy, a hundred, more perhaps suffocated out of existence. Wives and children widowed and orphaned, left without a breadwinner. It touches your heart, this pitiful story. But you do not connect it with your coal-scuttle. You do not realise that these men have died to keep this scuttle full.

That is the bare truth of it. Every day and every night there are thousands of men risking their lives in order that the coal-merchant may be able to supply you as usual. Each time they go down into the bowels of the earth there is a chance of their never again looking upon the sunshine and the blue sky. They take that chance, they face Death daily for a bare living wage, so that you may have cheap fuel.

Think of it sometimes when you put coal on. Those black lumps are the lives of your fellow-men.

F.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

There is an odd little article in a woman's paper defending the acquaintanceships which men and girls form casually at the seaside.

"Why?" asks the writer, "should girls deny themselves the innocent pleasure of making men friends at the seaside?" and then goes on to say that this kind of friendship can always be dropped at the end of a holiday.

There seems to be more in this than meets the eye. It reads like a veiled defence of flirtation carried pretty far. The French have a significant proverb, "Those who excuse themselves are their own accusers." If the pleasure of making men friends is so entirely innocent, why defend it, and why be so anxious to drop the friendships thus made?

No one but a "prude on the prowl" would think evil of casual seaside acquaintanceships. They often add very much to the pleasure of holiday-making. They have frequently led to the growth of much deeper feelings. But for two young people to like being together is a different thing altogether from behaving as if they were engaged, and it is the latter at which this article seems to point.

There are, it is notorious, a great many temporary engagements of this kind, and they do girls no good. Love is too serious and too tricky a sentiment to play with—at least, for a woman to play with.

The "summer girl"—the girl who goes in for this kind of "love on a fortnight's lease"—is not the girl who finds the right sort of men anxious to marry her. They do not care to feel that they are only one of a crowd. Women are like peaches. When they have their delicate bloom rubbed off they have lost more than half their charm.

Friendships, by all means: the more, the better. But beware of that effervescent imitation love which sparkles only for a moment and then goes dead and flat like yesterday's champagne.

E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Some men get on in the world on the same principle that a sweep passes uninterruptedly through a crowd.—*Douglas Jerrold*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE birth of a fifth son to the Prince and Princess of Wales, which makes the direct line of succession to the throne more secure than ever, will probably cause some alterations in the plans of the King and Queen during the next few days. Before the King leaves town for Cowes he intends to pay a week-end visit to Sandringham, and both his Majesty and the Queen will probably go down there to see their new grandchild earlier than they had intended. On Tuesday next the King will leave town for Newmarket, and will remain there until Thursday afternoon.

* * *

London will not see much more of their Majesties, however, now that the heat appears to have settled down upon it, and the season is beginning to look worn-out and dejected. It has been a very busy summer for the Queen since her return from Greece, but she still looks very well after it all. Her Majesty seemed to enjoy Lady Anstruther's fete at the Botanic Gardens. Children, who have not learnt how to be dull and formal in the presence of royalty, always amuse her very much.

* * *

It is very awkward for parents when their children do not know how to behave with respect

King would please the Prince, and still more the Princess, who would probably have to sacrifice much of the quiet life which she prefers. At present these two live almost as private people, one half of the year in what is practically a flat, though a very spacious one, in Copenhagen, and the other part at quaint old Appleton House, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

* * *

Princess Maud, King Edward's youngest daughter, stipulated indeed, when she married Prince Charles, that she should be allowed to live part of the year in England, and Appleton House, which can be easily reached from Sandringham, was chosen as a suitable house for her. She has very domestic tastes, and dislikes ceremony almost as much as her sister, Princess Victoria, does. It must be a relief for her, therefore, that the Danish Court is one of the least ceremonious in Europe. Early dinner at six o'clock, few receptions, the King only the first of his people—that is the etiquette, or rather the absence of it, in Copenhagen.

* * *

His friends will be glad to see General Sir Archibald Hunter back in England. He is on his way here for a few months' holiday. General Hunter's important and responsible position as Commander of the Madras Army was the reward

kept it carefully till the next half. Then he went up to the disconsolate trooper and returned it to him.

* * *

The dinner given by Lord and Lady Cheylesmore last night at Prince's Gate to Prince and Princess Christian was a very big affair. Those bidden to meet their Royal Highnesses included Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the Duke of Atholl and Lady Helen Stewart Murray, Lord and Lady Albermarle, Lord and Lady Mayo, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, Major St. Aubyn, General Stracey, and Lord and Lady Reay. After dinner Mme. Granier amused the company with a little play and a couple of monologues, and Mlle. Parkina sang delightfully.

* * *

Society seems to be afflicted by a good deal of illness just at present—some of it of a curiously wintry kind. The Marchioness de Sain, who is laid up, I hear, with a severe chill, is, in spite of her foreign name, an Englishwoman, who lives in London. She was a Miss Rutherford, and married a Maltese nobleman, the Marquis de Sain, some years ago. Her husband died after about two years of married life, and since his death the Marchioness has spent some time every year at her house in Mayfair. She is a great lover of dogs, and, needless to say, a member of the Ladies' Kennel Association.

* * *

The concert at the French Embassy yesterday for the benefit of the Société Française de Bienfaisance was most successful. It took place under the patronage of Princess Christian. M. Cambon, with all the staff of the Embassy, were present, and so many of the patrons, which included Mme. Geoffray, Mme. de Fleuriau, and Baroness Mercier de Lestondre. M. Messager, Signor Tosti, and Mr. Sewell conducted, and the artists included Mme. Donalda, Mme. Selma Kurz, Mme. Granier, M. Maurel, M. Plançon, and other equally well-known.

* * *

Many improvements and alterations have been made at Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond to ensure a huge success there this year. A new stand has been erected for the King and Queen, but it is doubtful whether her Majesty will be present. The members' enclosure has been enlarged to make it more comfortable, and other much-needed improvements have been carried out.

* * *

To-day at Colchester there is a concert organised by Mrs. Guy Wyndham, whose husband commands the 16th Lancers. It is in aid of the religious charities, and Princess Henry of Pless, who is a niece of Mrs. Wyndham, is to sing, as well as many other well-known amateurs.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Maclaren.

H IS the president of the vast world congress of representatives of seven million Baptists who began their deliberations in Exeter Hall yesterday.

He began his career as the obscure pastor of a chapel in Southampton, at the scarcely encouraging stipend of £60 a year. Now he is the most distinguished Nonconformist preacher of the day, and thousands, whether of his own persuasion or not, go every year to the Union Chapel, Manchester, where he has officiated for more than forty years.

He is very nearly eighty, and looks like some Ancient of Days as he strolls along the Oxford-road in Manchester, wrapped carelessly in his very comfortable but very unfashionable coat, his hat pressed down over his head, his bright eyes the most living part of his worn, meditative face.

His sermons have roused thousands to the greatest enthusiasm in an age which is supposed to lack the religious impulse. Yet he seems to deliver them without much preparation. He once told a friend that he aimed only at setting the essentials, the bones, as it were, of his sermons, before his hearers, without worrying about eloquence and gesture. Instinctively, however, his penetrating voice and the sober movements of his hands clothe those "bones" with flesh, and make them thoroughly alive.

The students in the theological colleges near Manchester are advised by him to follow a similarly simple plan in preparing their sermons. And when he advises the young about that or any other matter he generally adds, "Don't get married too soon. It is a woeful interruption to study."

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 12.—That splendid plant *erigeron speciosum* is now blooming. Its purplish-lilac flowers, with yellow centres, are exceedingly pretty and are produced for a long period.

Goat's rue is another easily grown and useful perennial. To-day the white-flowered variety, rising with its graceful foliage from a damp border, makes a charming picture.

There are several kinds of sea holly worth cultivating, even the wild variety, often found on the English coast, being interesting to grow. With their silvery-grey stems and "flowers," slowly becoming a beautiful metallic blue, sea holly should be seen oftener in gardens. E. F. T.

THE MODERN HIGHWAYMEN AND THEIR VICTIMS.



A few motorists deserve whatever misfortunes happen to them, but the majority are law-abiding subjects. Yet magistrates and police treat all of them as fair game for fines, insults, oppression, and annoyance. The attitude of a large number of police towards the motorist is that he is a species of ticket-of-leave man, with no rights. Hotel-keepers look on motorists as silly millionaires, who can be robbed without reason or mercy.

before royalty or grow nervous and muddle the ceremony. I remember seeing a small child, who was supposed to present a bouquet to the Queen at a garden-party not long ago, advance slowly to the flight of stone stairs, at the top of which the Queen stood. When the child, almost entirely hidden by her enormous bouquet, reached the middle of the stairs, she remained as though turned to stone, transfixed, and glared at the beautiful lady above her as though she were about to assassinate her. At last the Queen, shaking with laughter, came down a step and beckoned the little girl towards her.

* * *

More awkward still was the presentation of a little boy to Queen Victoria, which took place, I was told by the boy's father, towards the end of the late Queen's reign. The child walked into the Queen's presence with an air of comparative calm. But as soon as the Queen said, "Come and give me a kiss, my dear," he set up a loud lament, an ear-splitting howl, and refused to be comforted. "Never mind," said the Queen in her charming way, "he can say that he has refused to kiss a Queen."

* * *

All the rumours and reports about the offer of the Crown of Norway to Prince Charles of Denmark make one wonder how far the position of

of his great services in Egypt and in South Africa. He is one of the most cool and collected officers in the Army. One night in South Africa an incident which occurred near Venterburg tested his coolness severely. His men had marched all night, and were told, about two o'clock in the morning, to lie down at the foot of a kopje, in preparation for an attack upon the enemy.

* * *

Hardly had they established themselves in the dark hollow, however, than the enemy who had watched their whereabouts secret movements, suddenly began to fire on them. The terrible confusion of mules stampeding, men swearing, and carts overturned was only stopped just in time by General Hunter, who walked calmly about, as though preparing for a morning bath, and cheerily exclaimed, "Let it rip, boys! don't give the beggars breathing-time!"

* * *

He was extremely popular with his men, and no wonder, considering the friendly way in which he treated them. A trifling incident illustrates his kindness. The word to mount had been given, after a short halt, and one of the orderlies, who had jumped up in a great hurry, left his pipe—that precious object which is the soldier's one luxury during the terrors of war—behind him. General Hunter saw the pipe, picked it up, and

BRITISH FLEET AT BREST: VICE-ADMIRAL MAY'S RECEPTION ASHORE.



On going ashore at Brest, immediately after the arrival of the Atlantic Fleet, the British Admiral was received by Vice-Admiral Pephian, the Maritime Prefect, and his staff. The photograph, taken at the moment of the landing, shows the French and British officers exchanging greetings.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE CHILDREN'S FETE AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

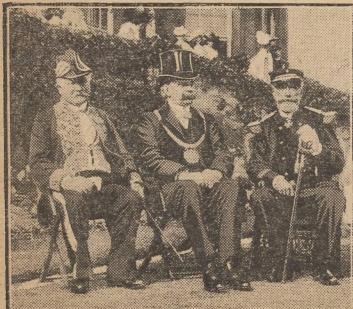


The Queen visited Lady Ancaster's annual fete at the Botanic Gardens in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and a number of tiny performers in various dances and tableaux were presented to her Majesty. The photograph shows the scene in the grounds, and inset is a snapshot portrait of the Queen taken on her departure.

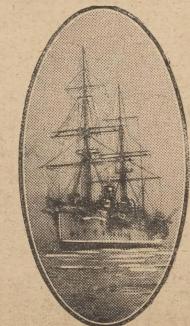


Two little maids waiting to be presented to the Queen. It was a pretty ceremony, and her Majesty delighted all the little people by having a pleasant word or two for each of them.

FRENCH SAILORS AT LIVERPOOL.



The Lord Mayor of Liverpool, with Captain Baébien, of the Duguay Trouin, and the French Consul.



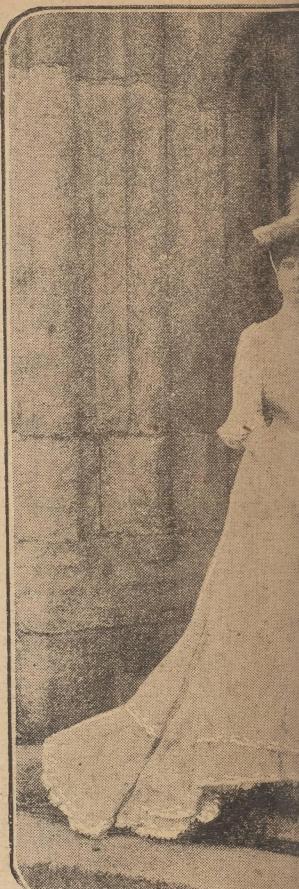
The French warship Duguay Trouin in the Mersey.

BEAUTY'S LUGGAGE AT CHARING CROSS.



Some of the luggage of the fair American invaders at Charing Cross, waiting for removal to the Hotel Cecil.

BIRTH OF A B



There will be loyal and general congratulation over the birth of the little Prince born yesterday morning at the Royal Hospital, and Princess of Wales, of whom we reported last week have now six children, five boys

FAIR AMERICANS



One hundred fair Americans have just arrived in London, including the most popular women. Some of the

H PRINCE.

THE DAY'S NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA VISIT MANCHESTER TO-DAY.



The Lord Mayor of Manchester, who will receive their Majesties.



The new dock to be opened by the King to-day. On the right of the photograph is the Manchester Ship Canal, separated from the dock by a huge concrete wall.



Miss Shann, the Lady Mayoress, will be the hostess of the King and Queen.



A portion of the triumphal arch erected at the entrance to the new dock. It is entirely constructed of articles of local manufacture, from biscuits to steel castings.

SNAPSHOTS OF CRACK SHOTS AT THE BISLEY MEETING.



Captain Mayne, secretary of the Army Rifle Association, one of the most redoubtable of the military champions at Bisley.



Mrs. E. J. Way, the Johannesburg markswoman, firing in the Gregory competition. Her costume when shooting, consisting of a thin brown leather jacket and skirt, has aroused a considerable amount of interest.



Mr. Maurice Blood, of the National Rifle Association, winner of the "Waldegrave," at Bisley.



Lieutenant Ranken, 6th Royal Scots, winner of the Bass and Edge competitions. He did some splendid shooting at 1,100 yards in the second competition, scoring 69 out of a possible 75.

d to the royal parents of the Sandringham. The Prince of Wales' best portraits yet taken, — (Dinham, Torquay.)

E LONDON.



London for a holiday trip at the winners of a competition for the leaving Charing-cross Station.

RE WE UNINTELLIGENT AND UNINTERESTED?

Lord Roberts's Attack on the
Average Man Justified and
Driven Home.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE RICH

In his remarkable speech to the House of Lords on our useless Army, Lord Roberts touched the root of England's national disease. Though his words were intended only to apply to the Army, when he exhorted us to take an "intelligent interest," he pleaded for that which would remove "muddle" in all its ramifications from its present accepted place as an English institution.

As a race we may, or may not, be degenerating; but it is a certainty that our apathy and ignorance are rapidly assuming the magnitude of a national crime.

We are not enveloped in military muddle only. We are calling continually for more light on the inadequate-law-code-mist, the Old-age-pension-loom, the Unemployed-question-darkness. Increasingly we are calling. And we do not care three-pence whether there is a response or not!

Why? Because we do not take an "intelligent interest" in the matters. Because, since the evils do not immediately touch us, we are too apathetic to baste ourselves. Because we do too much thinking imperially and no doing imperially.

THE ART OF MUDDLING THROUGH.

The Army to the Average Man is nothing but number of redcoats with flesh in them. Taking itself, as it does, the task of righting the country's wrongs, it deserves a clap occasionally, if it adept at muddling through. When it falls at the jump it invariably succeeds in wading to the other side; and, though splashed, it always lands on both feet somehow. That is all the Average Man knows or cares about it. He is not "intelligently interested."

Conscription would alter that. It would be a national education. Twelve months in the Army would teach the Average Man more than drill. It would ingrain in him the knowledge that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The Army would no longer be to him the nebulous, astral body it is now. It would no longer be something that does something sometimes, somehow, somewhere. He would understand what it really is.

There are only two arguments against conscription. The first is that the moneyed classes would leave the country. That is labelling the moneyed classes. But, granted they did so, what then? Let them go. If they can do without England, England can do without them.

The more serious argument is this. Conscription means compulsion, and no Englishman relishes being compelled to do a thing. He shares the feeling that drives a beggar to die in a ditch rather than enter the workhouse.

To dislodge him of the idea that conscription necessarily entails degradation—that is the toughest job awaiting those who purpose converting the Average Man.

TWO OPERA SEASONS.

Mr. Henry Russell's Plans and Those of Covent Garden.

There are to be two seasons of opera this autumn in London. One of them is to be again run by Mr. Henry Russell, whose plans are somewhat on novel lines.

Mr. Russell is arranging to give, at the Waldorf, a six weeks' season of opera in English. New and old operas by English composers will alternate with foreign operas sung in English.

It is understood that many English singers will appear, amongst them Mr. Ben Davies, Mme. Marchesi will also sing. At the end of the six weeks Mr. Russell intends, if possible, to start a season of French opéra comique, at the same theatre, to continue till the end of November.

The Covent Garden authorities have now definitely fixed their arrangements for an eight weeks' season of Italian opera, to be given by the San Carlo Company (of Naples), beginning the first week in October. The company will be strengthened by outside engagements, and amongst the artists will be Mme. Giachetti and Signor Anselmi.

Two of the operas that will be given are Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" and Giordano's "André Chénier."

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A DOCTOR IN CORDUROY, by Max Buring. Compendious for a well-drawn figure of a warm-hearted man, who is fond of drink. Many wildly improbable incidents and coincidences. 6s.

HOMES I HAVE KNOWN, by H. G. Harter. A highly stimulating account, for racing minds, of heroic deeds, which are alluded to under facetious titles—Arthur, a game old slave; "White Heat, a useful plater," and so forth. John Long. 2s. 6d.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish.

TOM DAINTREE.—The old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HENRY MAYFIELD.—A stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with Devenish, who offered him a start in life.

During the interview, Devenish is called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had left upon the table, done up in parcels of £2,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his "one false step"—he takes up one of the parcels of notes to experience the sensation of handling such a sum of money, and before he can replace them Eve Daintree, Devenish's daughter, who is already known to him, enters.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and, taking the parcel with him to Mrs. Daintree, has no opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to confiding the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who suggests a means of returning them.

Devenish, however, never receives the notes, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

At the morning, Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he has been offered the notes, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an L.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester seems destined to become his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a millstone round his neck. Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against the use of Dexter's power, and her warning is echoed by Eve Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

Meanwhile, Tom Mayfield is found wounded by some workmen in a heap of rubbish near some demolished buildings in the Strand.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued).

Joe Bates, the man first to discover Mayfield, scratched his head, and looked puzzled.

"Who are, er, mate?" he said. "I reckon that's a question you're better able to answer than me!" Ere, take it quiet for a bit. There ain't no bloomin' 'urry. You've 'ad a nasty shake-up, that's what it is! Things'll come back to ye—by degrees, so to speak." "Oppy," addressing one of the others, "nip up and draw some water into a bucket, and we'll clean some of the blood off his face and see what damage's been done 'im.

Looks as if 'e's had a nasty time of it." Then, again addressing Mayfield in a sympathetic, husky voice, and talking as if to a child: "What brought yer in 'ere?"

"Where?" was the vacant answer.

"Ere!"

Bates tried to convey what he meant by a gesture with both his arms.

"Ere, mate, don't yer foller my question? What bloomin' well brought you inside these 'oardings?" "I don't know. I can't remember. I can't remember anything!"

"You're shoo'up, mate, that's what's the matter with you. Take a pull out o' my can!"

Bates poured some cold tea down Mayfield's throat. Then a bucket of water having been brought and a bundle of some to clean waste obtained, he proceeded to sponge Mayfield's face of its plaster, blood, and grime. Tom Mayfield submitted to the process quite quietly. He seemed hardly to realise what was taking place. The expression on his grey face was one of pathetic effort, the look of a man trying to find something—recall something. He was trying to identify his own personality.

He was racking his buzzing brain for an answer to the question, "Who am I?" He was conscious of a personality, conscious of surroundings, and their meaning. These were working men who clustered round him. Wondering things towering up against the dull grey dawn of a monster crane; but these things suggested no particular locality to him, though he was on familiar ground. He did not know who he was, where he came from, and why he was seated there in a cavity amongst old foundations, having his face cleaned of blood and grime by a good-hearted working man.

More than once he seemed on the point of obtaining a glimpse into a previous existence; but just as the mental cloud interposed between him and the past seemed to be clearing, there was a strange buzzing in his ears, like the buzzing, throbbing noise one hears at the telephone when the line is engaged.

"Was yer pushed, or did yer tumble?" questioned Bates. "Can't you remember nothin'?"

"No," muttered Mayfield dazedly, making a vague movement with one hand as if to clutch something that was evading him. "But it will all come back to me presently. It must come back!"

Bates was examining the cut on the injured man's forehead. It had evidently bled freely; but it was

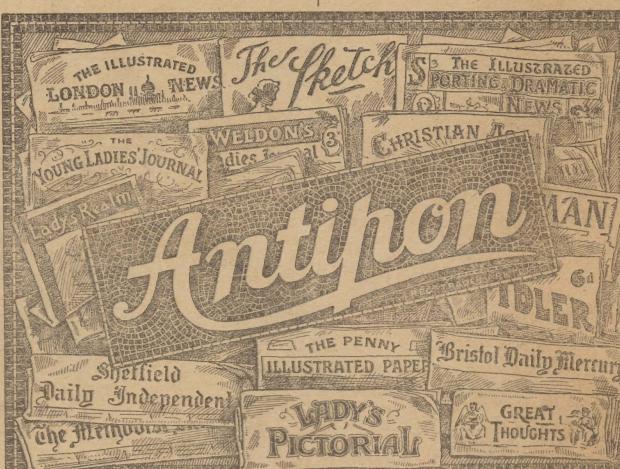
Summer Heat and Obesity.

digestive powers are assured. Thus the body being properly nourished becomes gradually strengthened while the superfluous fat is being permanently eliminated and the tendency to develop excessive fat destroyed.

A WONDERFUL CHANGE

is experienced by every stout person who gives Antipon even the shortest trial. The reductive effect of this pleasant and harmless remedy is made apparent from the first, for within a day and a night of taking the first dose the subject loses from 2oz. to 3lb. in weight, according to individual conditions. Then follows a reliable steady decrease day by day until complete and permanent cure. With this rapid restoration of normal weight and correct proportions the general health is gradually improved. Appetite will be keener, digestion ameliorated, and the greater quantity of wholesome, properly digested food taken will soon enrich the impoverished blood laden with fatty particles, and quickly redevelop the flabby, overfattened muscular tissue. In this easy, simple, and perfect home treatment there are no annoying dietary rules to worry about, no exhausting physical exercise, no drugging, no cathartics. The principle underlying the Antipon cure is the renourishment of the entire system, while the superfluous and unhealthy fat is being permanently expelled. The once stout man or woman, after a course of Antipon, can again enjoy outdoor recreations and social pleasures, and will feel and look years younger. The course can be followed in privacy. Antipon is certainly the most powerful fat-absorbent ever given to the world, and its enormous popularity is due solely to its unique merits, both as a fat-reducer and a tonic of the highest value. It is a liquid, of purely vegetable ingredients, quite harmless, and very refreshing in warm weather. No unusual dietary restrictions indicate to friends that any special treatment has been adopted. On the contrary, the subject, if he, or she, would assist the cure, must do justice to the wholesome, nourishing fare set before them, and this Antipon enables them to do, owing to its tonic action on the digestive system, by which a healthy appetite and sound

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, etc.; or, should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, privately packed, direct from The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.



THE PRESS ON ALL SIDES

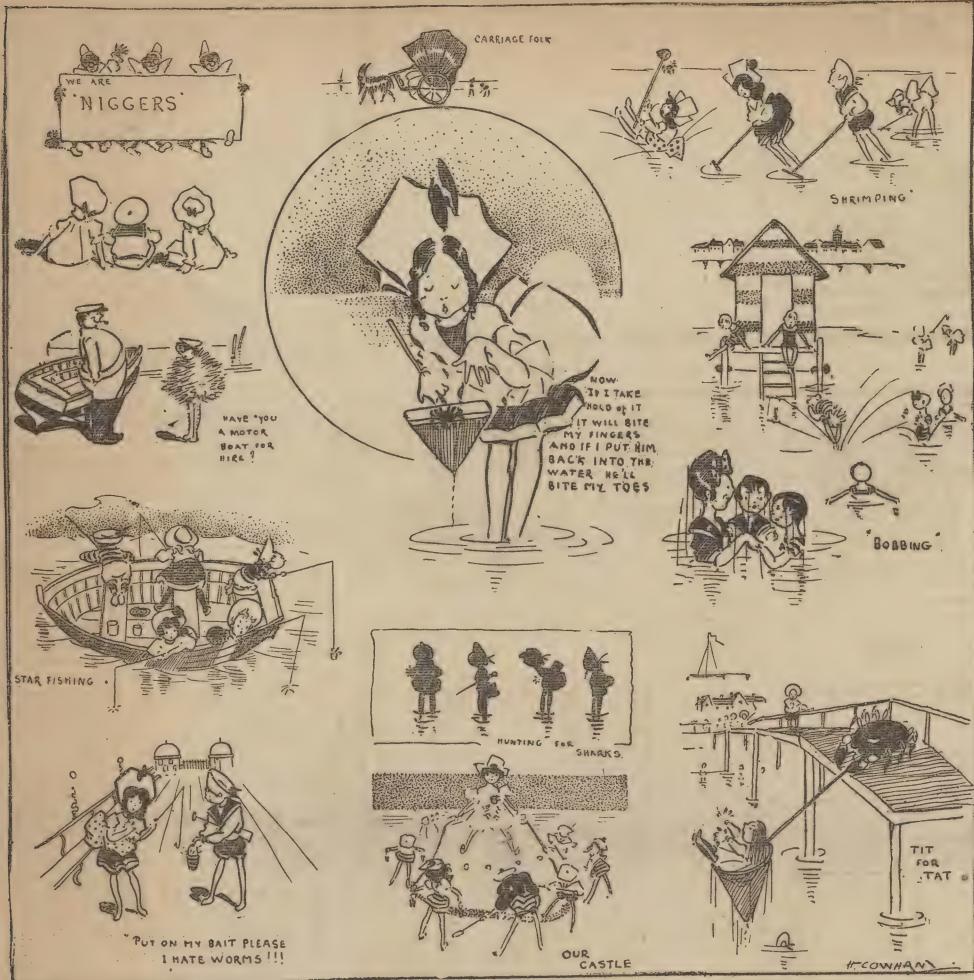
cordially welcomes Antipon, the great permanent cure for Corpulence, as one of the most valuable discoveries in recent years. The newspapers and magazines represented above are but a tithe of the publications which have given to the world enthusiastic articles on the unique value of the now famous Antipon treatment. The papers containing these articles are carefully filed for reference at the offices of the Antipon Company, where are also preserved hundreds of letters from persons in all parts of the world gratefully testifying to the permanent benefit they have received from this wonderful cure. Antipon definitely supersedes all old-time methods, which were nearly all detrimental to health, and were always weakening, and never produced any more than a temporary reduction of weight at the expense of strength and vitality. Antipon is a tonic as well as a powerful fat-absorbent. It increases appetite and aids digestion, and requires that the subject should eat well of really nutritious food. There are no troublesome dietary restrictions. Good food is Antipon's only help, because it is the fundamental principle of the Antipon treatment, that while the body is being "drained" so to speak, of all superfluous and diseased fat, matter must be at the same time amply nourished. Hence the rich blood is made, muscular development is renewed, the limbs become firm and shapely, the nervous system is revitalised. Following the initial reduction, which varies between 8 ozs. and 3 lbs. within a day and a night from the first dose, there is a satisfactory and sure daily reduction until the attainment of normal weight and shapely proportions. The treatment may then cease, the cure being complete—the tendency to put on flesh is destroyed. Antipon is a refreshing tonic liquid of purely harmless vegetable ingredients. It can be taken by anyone without discomfort or inconvenience, and is neither laxative nor the reverse. Briefly, Antipon is a remedy which no stout person should fail to try. They will not be disappointed.

Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

(Continued on page 11.)

SEASIDE FACTS AND FANCIES: SKETCH BY HILDA COWHAM.



ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

only superficial, not even sufficient to call for stitches. But there was an ugly swelling on the left side of the head.

"Well," exclaimed Bates pathetically, "can't you tell us what your blomin' name is?"

Mayfield pressed his hands to his ears in an endeavour to silence the buzzing in his brain. He felt if he could only stop that noise he might be able to remember something. But with this feeling there was also a dull sub-consciousness of horror, a sense that he ought to be going somewhere, and that he was an object of suspicion in the eyes of the men gathered round him. But why should he be an object of suspicion he could not explain.

"My name will come back to me presently."

"Did anyone knock yer about?"

"I don't know—just give me time to think."

"Was yer on the booze—skylarkin' around with pals?"

Mayfield shook his head. He had not lost his senses; but his memory failed him for the time.

"Better get 'im round to the police-station!" muttered one man.

"Asylum's more in 'is line," suggested another in an undertone. "He's balmy—dotty in the crumple. That's what's the trouble with the poor feller. Slipped away from them what was supposed ter look after 'im—that's my way of thinkin', anyway."

Mayfield heard part of what the men said. His eyes filled with a vague expression of terror. He glanced about him furtively, as if searching for some means of escape. These men took him for a madman; but he was sane, perfectly sane now—yet what had he been in the past? He knew what an asylum was; he knew all about madness. Was he some madman who had suddenly recovered his sanity? The horror deepened in his clouded soul. Who was he? What was he?

He tried to stagger to his feet, but a flame shot through his brain.

"Ere, give yourself a chance," exclaimed Bates; then, in an indignant undertone to the others: "Asylum, perlice! What are yer talkin' of? 'E's only just come round. Give 'im a chance!"

The horror of the unknown lurking behind the veil that covered his past was possessing Mayfield with a stronger and more terrifying grip. His desire to escape and get away from those round was growing, and breeding in him a strange kind of cunning. Except when he moved he experienced no physical pain, but he felt weak and his head kept throbbing intermittently.

"Can't you call to mind the names of any o' yer friends?" pleaded Bates.

Friends—Mayfield knew all about friends and friendship—the meaning of the terms. And he must have had friends, relations, perhaps brothers and sisters, in his previous existence; but he could remember nothing.

"I'll come back to me in a minute," he muttered desperately. "Just give me time, that's all."

"Got a missus and littles uns?" ventured Bates a few moments later.

Mayfield linked his hands round his forehead.

"A little sweetcart, r'aps, what yer walks out with of a hevin'in?"

For a moment something shadowy and indistinct seemed to form itself before the young man's mental vision; but it melted away before it assumed a distinct enough shape to be identified. It was as if a phantom had appeared for a brief fraction of time on the far side of the gauze between him and the past.

"I tell you 'e's balmy," growled the man who had already expressed his opinion on Mayfield's mental condition. "Or, if he ain't balmy, 'e's got some reason for carryin' on as 'e do. Why don't you send for the police and 'ave done with it?"

"Old yer clack," rasped out Bates. "'E'll get old of things in a minute. Perlice? They'd show 'im in a cell and treat him as a drunk or disorderly or wanderin' about without visible means of 'substance.' I know—I've 'ad some o' 'em."

Bates was not on friendly terms with the police, or hospitals for that matter. According to his ideas, the main object of the police was to knock people about, and hospitals were experimental establishments where "bits of boys" ripped folk open in order to see how the works were going on inside. But these distorted views did not interfere with the largeness of his rough heart.

"Boss," he cried to his foreman, "could yer spare us quarter of an hour? If so, 'll git 'im

round to my place. My old woman 'ull put a bit of plaster on that cut o' is, and look arter 'im till 'e's feelin' more 'isself. It ain't five minutes' walk, matey"—this to Mayfield—"if you can manage it. And you can make yerself at 'ome there; my old woman 'ull wash that cut o' yours and plaster it up, and nobody won't interfere with you."

"Yes," muttered Mayfield. "Thanks—it's very good of you."

"See," growled Bates to the man who suggested the police. "E understands alright."

He picked up Mayfield's hat, though crushed and battered almost beyond recognition, and forced it back into something like its original shape.

"Ere, some o' yer, lend us a 'and."

With some little difficulty Tom Mayfield was assisted up to the higher level. Here Bates dusted him down, and generally endeavoured to improve his disordered appearance. The exertion had produced a bad attack of throbbing in Mayfield's brain, and he swayed to and fro like a drunkard between the two men who were supporting him. Everything was a blur, mentally and physically. When immediate surroundings again took distinct shape, he was walking along a narrow footpath, fenced in by hedges, and Joe Bates had firm hold of his arm.

They reached the end of the footpath without encountering a soul. Men with hose-pipes were sluicing the street into which they emerged. But there was nothing about Mayfield's appearance to attract more than rather a prolonged stare. He looked like a man who had been out all night, had been fighting, and was being seen home, still evidently under the influence of drink. This was the impression made on a constable whom they passed. It was not a case that called for police intervention.

"Been in the wars?" said the constable, winking at Bates.

"'E's 'as," growled Bates, who was affected by the blue uniform of a policeman much as a bull is affected by the proverbial red rag.

It was a past, not sense, that Mayfield lacked. He glanced furtively at the policeman, and associated him with a vague, uncomfortable something—then the buzzing in his brain.

"'E ain't no cause to interfere with us," growled

(Continued on page 13.)

FACTS FOR THOUGHTFUL MOTHERS.

Showing How Important It Is To Give the Right Food to Infants, and Explaining the Requirements of a Perfect Food.

Everyone knows that you cannot get out of anything what is not already in it. If a food does not contain the necessary elements to build up a healthy body, to make strong muscle, firm bones and good teeth, it is hopeless to expect that a child fed on such food will thrive and flourish. That being so, it is of the very first importance to make a wise choice, and every children's hospital shows the mischievous results of well-meant but injudicious infant feeding.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

A perfect food must be a perfect combination of various elements, and of all the constituents of a food none are more important than what are known as "proteids." It is the "proteids" that build up muscle, and unless the supply of proteids in a food are sufficient, its value as a food breaks down in a most essential point. In "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" the proteids are in correct proportion. Carbo-hydrates also are required to furnish heat and make fat, and these also are furnished by "Savory and Moore's Best Food"; but a prominent advantage of "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is its richness in natural phosphates and silicates. These are essential to the formation of healthy bone and to the making of good teeth. The deplorable tendency to decay of teeth in present-day children is undoubtedly in large measure due to improper feeding.

OUR LETTER-BOX

We are always interested in seeing what those who use "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" say about it, and we therefore make three extracts from letters recently received by us. A lady at Brighton writes: "I was weaning baby, and she was cross and fretful, but since using 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' regularly she has grown a healthy and happy child." A mother at Raynes Park tells us: "Since my baby has been taking 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' he has become the picture of health, but before taking it we were doubtful whether he would live." A third letter before us is from West Brompton, and states: "I am pleased to let you know that 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' is most satisfactory. Our baby, who is ten months old, had gone to a shadow, a mere bag of bones, from whooping-cough, and we thought we should lose him, as also did the doctor. He is now taking the third tin of the Food, and after six weeks I am pleased to say he is going on splendidly and is as well if not better than he was before him with him." We could fill up pages of this paper with similar facts, but such emphatic expressions of opinion leave us no room for doubt as to the marvellous excellence of "Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids," the food that is used in the royal nurseries.

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

who wish to keep an abundant supply of nourishing milk, a gruel made with "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is infinitely more nutritious than gruel made with ordinary oatmeal or groats, and is not so fattening. The abundance of the flow of milk as well as the quality of the milk are, consequently, both improved by its use. In this respect "Savory and Moore's Best Food" is far better than stout and other popular drinks, which are often found to be a source of stomachic troubles of a fermentive kind. A mother writes as follows: "I find 'Savory and Moore's Best Food' very nourishing, and take it just before bedtime as it suits me and I am not at all strong."

BODY-BUILDING FOR INVALIDS

"Savory and Moore's Best Food for Infants and Invalids" is of the greatest value to convalescents, the aged, and all whose digestion is weak. It satisfies all requirements, and has the further advantage that it may be prepared in a large number of pleasant and appetising ways, and its nutritive value is in no way impaired or its digestibility decreased thereby.

SAVORY AND MOORE'S BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tins at 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., or a large tin will be sent for 6d., together with instructions how to prepare it for invalids. A booklet will also be sent, which is "A Guide to Infant Feeding," and contains various tables, showing the correct height of infants at different ages, weight, muscular development, the age at which the various teeth should be cut, how infants should be fed, and a large amount of other useful information.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY IT?

Our booklet will be sent on receipt of postcard, or, what is much better, it will be forwarded with a large trial tin for six penny stamps, if you mention the *Daily Mirror*, and address your letter to Messrs. Savory and Moore, Chemists to the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 133, New Bond-street, London, W.



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THE OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY COTTAGE BONNET FOR LITTLE GIRLS—A TRIO OF HATS.

THE WORLD OF DRESS.

SIMPLE MILLINERY FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS.

Children's bonnets are perfectly fascinating this season. Many are of the granny type, with wide turned back and upstanding brims, and the latter, if not made of straw, like the large crowns, are of gathered chiffon, whilst the crown is of coarse white lace posed over satin, a double wreath of blue forget-me-nots covering the join between the brim and the crown.

Pink rose petals were placed inside the brim of a very dainty bonnet made entirely of chiffon, a spray of roses finishing the top of the crown, whilst a third equally attractive granny model was carried out in white chintz, the brim softened with fine lace and the rest of the trimming consisting of bunches of white and pink daisies.

Another charming old fashion that has been just revived is the cottage bonnet shown in the sketch at the right hand side. It is made of ordinary print if it is to imitate the antique style exactly, or of cambric, lawn, or any other pretty material that can be gauged as the picture shows it, and be finished by means of a deep ruffle all round the front and mob-cap back with strings in front. Pretty girls of seventeen or thereabouts look charming in cottage bonnets.

Bargains in Dress Fabrics.

Shot effects are as popular as checks in the realms of what are called blouse silks, but scarcely as new. But all the same they make bargains that can safely be bought, for they are not going out of fashion. The plain silks in taffetas, surah, and messaline are liked, and dots of all sizes or fine stripes or flower designs, not printed but woven into the fabric, are often shown upon a shot ground and are lovely.

One of the most charming silks seen lately was the softest and creamiest of grey messaline shot with white and covered with a conventional figure in delicate blue, yellow and rose tones. The pattern as well as the background was shot with white, and its outlines were hardly discernible, the rose seeming to melt into the grey with a silvery bloom over all. This was the fabric of which a trousseau tea-gown was made.

The appreciation for soft, supple materials for sea-side frocks, not only in cottons and linens, but in silks, increases. Many new names are used for the various mercerised cottons, and silky cottons are found in several weights, a great number of

them dyed in plain tints and others in a host of figure designs. The light yellows and buffs are the most fashionable choice.

Some of the cottons resemble light woolen materials and so are very useful with the future in prospect, and this is particularly true of the cotton voiles and the checked materials. Browns are conspicuous, and also small checks of brown and white. There are as well cottons with embroidered borders; for instance, a coarsely-woven deep cream or écrù robe has a border of a conventional design showing dark blue and black embroidery.

MACEDOINE OF FRUIT.

INGREDIENTS.—One pint of water, half a pound of loaf sugar, the rind of one lemon, half a pound of currants, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, and apricots, one tablespoonful of maraschino or brandy (if liked). Put the water, sugar, and lemon rind into a saucepan and let them boil for ten minutes. Skim it well, then add the raspberries, after looking over them carefully, and let them boil a minute or two; skin the result well, and leave it till cool. Meanwhile stalk the currants and strawberries, and stone the cherries and apricots; the latter should be cut

in quarters. Crack the apricot stones and remove the kernels. Put the fruit and kernels in a glass bowl, pour over them the cold syrup, and serve the macedoine as cold as possible.



A hat made of chintz is shown above, wreathed with bluish roses and thrust through in front with black quills.

Above observe a pink cambric cottage bonnet for a child, and on the left a blue Marquise hat, adorned with field flowers.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

Bates as they passed a hoarding plastered over with advertisements.

But Mayfield seemed to have completely forgotten the constable, and was staring with a pathetic, yearning, yet baffled look at the posters on the hoarding.

"One minute," he muttered. "I think—somehow I seem to—if it only would leave off buzzing for a few moments—"

"No 'urry-take yer time," said the ready Bates, ready to humour his strange charge like a child, and came to a standstill.

Mayfield was staring at a large picture-poster of a great Atlantic liner moored at anchor, with a number of satellites in the shape of tugs and tenders hovering round. The names "Liverpool" and "New York" stood out boldly in the conscriptus type.

"Liverpool," he muttered, and seemed on the point of grasping something definite; but it eluded him like a slippery, oiled wrestler.

Yet "Liverpool" seemed in some way associated with the mystery of his unknown identity, and with his strange craving to be moving on to some indefinite destination.

"Where's Liverpool?" he muttered, vaguely realising that Liverpool was a port, and that at some time or other he had stood on a landing-stage and had witnessed much such a sight as that depicted on the poster.

"On the Mersey," replied Bates. "If yer wants ter git to Liverpool, you go to Euston station and takes a train from there. Does that 'elp yer in any way?"

Again the furtive, almost cunning look crept into Mayfield's eyes. He felt that, for some unknown reason, he must mask his intentions. There was a vague horror of an asylum or a prison in the nebulous background of his disordered mind. It was even beginning to dawn on him that it would be as well to disguise the fact that he had lost his past and his own identity until such time as they should return to him.

"Yes," he answered in the peculiar and rather slurred mutter that characterised his speech. "I must have been there—years ago."

"Things seem to be comin' back to yer a bit now," said Bates encouragingly. "Don't 'appen to be able to think of your name now, do yer?"

Mayfield cast a furtive glance at the advertisement hoarding. He wanted a name for himself,

KRUSCHEN MINERAL WATERS for relieving Gout, Rheumatism, Eczema, Liver and Kidney Diseases. Kruschens Sals are produced by the best known chemists. A bottle of this restorative daily is a certain cure. Send P.O. Is. 6d. to F. G. Hughes, Chemist, 17, Deansgate, Manchester. [ADVE.]

Mr. Bates originally hailed from the country, and the sweet scent of the mignonette pervaded the little room in the great, gloomy building in the heart of London like a breath from the country garden associated with her girlhood and those days

when Joe Bates, spruced up in his Sunday best, used to come a-courtin', he being a Londoner.

Bates explained to his wife, after having made Mayfield sit down, telling her that the young gentleman was still dazed and couldn't give much of an account of what had happened to him, but that he was better than he had been, and that his name was Jim Dunville.

"I'm goin' ter leave you with my missus," he said presently to Mayfield, "as I've got to git back to my graft. But arter she's dressed that 'ead of yours you're down and take things comfortable. Maybe arter you've 'ad a bit of a sleep things 'll come back clearer still. Ain't that so, missus?"

Mrs. Bates, whose heart was as good as his husband's, nodded her head.

"You're awfuly good to me—good Samaritans," muttered Mayfield, holding out his hand; then to himself: "I wonder if I've got any money?"

He felt furiously in his waistcoat pocket. His watch and chain were gone; but, having no past, he was not aware that he was wearing a watch and chain on the previous afternoon when he parted from Chester outside the tea-shop. But there were coins in his pockets, and he pulled out four sovereigns and some loose silver. He offered Bates a sovereign, but the man refused.

"No fear," he said.

"Quite right," said his wife. "I shall come round and 'ave a look at yer durin' my dinner hour," said Bates, preparing to depart. "Take care of 'im, missus; but I reckons you know 'ow to do that. You'll be alright where you are Mr.—Mr. Dunville."

Mrs. Bates proceeded to stir up the fire with a view to boiling water. Mayfield glanced about the room with his old furtive, haunted expression.

He was conscious of something, something that was affecting him strangely; something that he vaguely realised was in some way connected with the past on the other side of the veil.

He sniffed the air restlessly. It was the scent of the mignonette that troubled him. A pathetic expression of yearning filled his eyes. He recognised the scent—that was mignonette in the flower-box. And the scent and the flower were associated with something in that other previous existence of his, but so faintly that he could not identify that something.

He rose up stealthily, and, creeping unsteadily to the box, buried his face in the sweet-scented annual.

He was trying to quicken' into life the dead memory of a certain flower-shop.

But just as a glimmer of light seemed to faintly illuminate the mental haze, and something seemed to be taking shape behind the veil, his brain began to buzz—and it was gone.

(To be continued.)

in quarters. Crack the apricot stones and re-

move the kernels. Put the fruit and kernels in a

glass bowl, pour over them the cold syrup, and

serve the macedoine as cold as possible.

Sir Erasmus Wilson & Pasma

No better guarantee of excellence in Toilet Powder can be given than the commendation of such a great skin specialist as the late Sir Erasmus Wilson. That is the honour which Pasma Powder enjoys. It is an instantaneous remedy for all skin diseases, and a perfect preparation for nursing purposes. For tender, irritable skin it is delightfully soothing and antiseptic, and it is a sure preventive of insect bites. Supplied by chemists every town. Price 4s., 6d., and 8s. 6d., or direct post free. A free trial sample will be forwarded post free on receipt of postcard sent to CURTIS & CO., Pharmaceutical Chemists, 68, Baker Street, London, W., mentioning this paper.

AUSTRALIANS'

EASY VICTORY.

Players Beat Gentlemen at Lord's
—Victories for Northampton
and Liverpool.

WARNER'S BAD LUCK.

(Continued from page 6.)

edge flicked between Hayward and Hayes in the slips, just missing the former's left hand and going for four. He followed this with a pretty glide for three.

At 97 Warner, in trying to play Arnold to leg, was out leg before. The ball swerved in a little, but kept straight off the ground, and Warner, allowing for the break, just failed to get a touch. It was tough for him, as a hundred in this match is the absolute 24-carat hall mark of English cricket. Warner's innings was a fine one in every way, and made up of a variety of pretty shots and sterling defence.

Jackson and Jessop played to the interval, though the latter was never combative. After tea he was a bit at sea with the bowing, and was easily out leg-before to Rhodes, with his score at 4. 236—4. Followed Evans, bunting for specks. Jackson took liberties, and went for Rhodes. Off late he was all but tame, and shot slip, the ball passing through his fingers. He was going for three. In the next over Evans got off the mark with a shot to deep third man.

At 245 Jackson was bowled by Rhodes, and, with five wickets down, looked a little rocky for the Gentlemen. Bosanquet and Evans, however, settled down to dogged play, neither taking a risk.

Playing the Game Out.

With the score at 283 and the clock at 5.50 Bosanquet was caught by Haigh at extra-cover of Rhodes. It was a fine effort, the fielder taking the ball low down and on the bound. Bosanquet played a good shot, and then past six in disaster occurred as Evans, driving Rhodes fast-footed, was nearly caught at mid-off by Hirst. With but three wickets to go, and H. Prichard and Brearley two of them, the Gentlemen were again in a bad way.

Martyn was the Believers' last hope, and did not disgrace himself in his slashing innings of the first knock, went merely for defiance. Till twenty-one minutes past six the pace kept up their wickets, and the match looked as good as saved. Then, however, Martyn was beaten in the flight by Haigh, and the Gentlemen were again in a bad way.

At 6.30 Hesketh-Pritchard was bowled, lashing at Rhodes, and the Gentlemen's hopes of saving the game were gone. Brearley was the last man, and the last out. Both bowlers had taken the last wicket.

It was a fine win for the Players, but the Amateurs must be accounted unlucky to lose, as had the game gone on to the ordinary limit—6.30—they would just have drawn the game. But bowlers had arranged to play to a finish if possible. Scores and analysis—

PLAYERS.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hayward, lbw, b Jackson	32	not out
Bowley, c sub, b Pritchard	47	2 b Brearley
Tyldesley, c Spooner, b Pritchard	53	5 b Brearley
Hayes, b Brearley	29	3 c Spooner, b Jessop
Denton, D Brearley	2	2 c Martyn, b Jessop
Hirst, Evans, b Martyn	1	4 not out
Rhodes, b Brearley	22	4 not out
Ashurst, b Evans	11	1 Extras
Brearley	89	1 Extras
Lilley, c and b Brearley	5	1 Extras
Hesketh-Pritchard	6	1 Extras
Lees, not out	14	1 Extras
Total	356	Total (for 4 wkt*) 293
Innings declared closed.		

GENTLEMEN.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
b Arnold, st Lilley	59	lbw, b Arnold
G. W. Baldwin, b Arnold	92	not out
G. F. Ryde, c and b Haigh	9	b Lees
R. E. Baldwin, c Haigh	1	1 Extras
F. B. Jackson, b Rhodes	3	b Rhodes
W. H. B. Evans, b Rhodes	6	1 Extras
Rhodes, c and b Rhodes	18	1 Extras
H. T. Bowden, b Rhodes	1	1 Extras
H. Hayes, b Arnold	35	c Haigh, b Rhodes
G. L. Jessop, c Hayes, b Lees	19	1 b Hayes
H. Martyn, b Arnold	21	2 b Hayes
Hesketh-Pritchard, b Lees	17	1 b Hayes
W. Brearley, not out	9	1 Extras
Total	185	Total
Innings declared closed.		

NORTHANTS BEAT HANTS.

Northampton won a very easy victory over Hampshire at Northampton yesterday by 23 runs. Score:—

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Kingston, c Langford, b Persse	8	c Bowell, b Langford
Tyldesley, c Jephcott, b Persse	20	c Hill, b Baldwin
C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
GENTLEMEN.—First Innings.		
Hirst	7	1 21 0
Less	10	2 23 0
Rhodes	12	3 25 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Kingston, c Langford, b Persse	8	c Bowell, b Langford
Tyldesley, c Jephcott, b Persse	20	c Hill, b Baldwin
C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
GENTLEMEN.—Second Innings.		
Hirst	19	3 27 0
Less	20	3 32 0
Rhodes	21	3 35 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Kingston, c Langford, b Persse	8	c Bowell, b Langford
Tyldesley, c Jephcott, b Persse	20	c Hill, b Baldwin
C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
GENTLEMEN.—Second Innings.		
Hirst	19	3 27 0
Less	20	3 32 0
Rhodes	21	3 35 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Kingston, c Langford, b Persse	8	c Bowell, b Langford
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C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
GENTLEMEN.—Second Innings.		
Hirst	19	3 27 0
Less	20	3 32 0
Rhodes	21	3 35 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

	First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Kingston, c Langford, b Persse	8	c Bowell, b Langford
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C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
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Rhodes	21	3 35 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

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C. J. Pool, c Greig, b Persse	33	c Stone, b Hill
E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
Evans, b Persse	1	1 Extras
and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
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Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
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and Hesketh-Pritchard, b Persse	1	1 Extras
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E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
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Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
Brearley, b Persse	18	1 Extras
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E. M. Cross, b Persse	32	lbw, b Baldwin
East, c Jephcott, b Persse	15	run out
Baldwin, c Bowell, b Persse	1	1 Extras
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GENTLEMEN.—Second Innings.		
Hirst	19	3 27 0
Less	20	3 32 0
Rhodes	21	3 35 0
Hirst bowled a no-ball.		

	First Innings.</th

DOWNTON HANDICAP of 103 svs. Five furlongs, straight.

Yrs	st	lb		
aCraignelachie	5	Stand Off	5	st lb
aKazan	5	Cherry Well	5	7 12
Ardere	5	Lady Diakka	5	10
Maliball	5	Ardour	4	7
Stream of Gold f	5	Lady Billbrooke	5	7 4
Scribo	5	Repose	5	7 4
Barnasse	5			

WALLOP PLATE (selling handicap) of 103 svs. One mile.

Yrs	st	lb		
aThe Rose	5	Hope of the East	6	6
aAffinity	5	Decave	5	6
aSlumberer	5	Ethelreda	5	9
aHubul	5	Fayewell	5	9
aWhisper	5	Philippe	5	9
aGamelief	5	Perseverance	5	9
Slinkaway	4	Give and Take	4	9
True as Steel	4			

CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 15s gove each. 5 ft. with 200 yards added, for two-year-olds. Five furlongs.

	Yrs	st	lb	
aLady	9	Piston	8	12
aMalheureous	9	Cotswold	8	12
aOrpheus	8	Wasps	8	9
aBill of the Play	8	Fruitful	8	9
Bumpkin	8	Moordland Queen	8	9
Crescent	8	Gum Tart	8	9
Honeybush c	8	Erin's Beauty	8	9
Fanessa c	8	Starlight	8	9
Gressoney c	8	Garland	8	9
Trotter c	8	Provence	8	9
Dierite	8	Palladia	8	9
Ishbel c	8			

PONTEFRACT.

BADSWORTH PLATE of 100 svs. One mile and a half.

Yrs	st	lb		
aPetition	7	Spardeck	3	7 13
Grenadine g	4	Behemoth	3	7 13
Mrs. Quickly	2	Royal Mint	3	7 10
Sue	3	Lady Brays	3	7 10
Captain Pott	3			

PARK HILL MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE of 150 svs. Five furlongs.

	Yrs	st	lb	
aDragon	9	Osteria c	8	6
The Lady from Leeds	8	Rango	8	6
Pat	8	Empress Queen g	8	9
Galant and Gay	9	Athi	8	9
Bonnezaire	8	Out for Deal	8	9
The Winding Post	8	Bonnie	8	9
Kasho	8	Ashtead's Pride	8	6
Eduother c	8	Lady Uncas II. g	8	6
Conqueror Lad	8	Periphery	8	6
Moxa	8	Mary Ann II. f	8	6
Lamb and Flag	8	Buoyantly	3	7
Grenadine I	8			

ALEXANDRA WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 svs.

One mile and a furlong.

	Yrs	st	lb	
aHeddy	5	Roman	8	12
Wise Duchess	4	Mat Salleh	8	11
Fondie	3	Reprise III.	3	7 9
Miss Wink	4	London Star	4	7 6
Be Careless	4	Bonny Grace	4	7 7
Ardisley	4	Buoyantly	3	7 7

PONTEFRACT HANDICAP PLATE of 200 svs. One mile and a quarter.

	Yrs	st	lb	
aThe Warrior	4	King Grouse	4	7 10
aSaroth	5	Kingfisher	4	7 10
Big Silversmith	3	Brettany	4	7 6
Nightwatch	4	Liza Johnson	5	7 5
Thor	4	Red Carpet	5	7 4
Whipsnade	4	Reprise III.	3	6 11
Honours	4	Dexter	3	6 9

LIVERPOOL CUP ACCEPTANCES.

Bachelor's Button, Andover, Thunderbolt, Airlship, Vril, Glenahy, Whistling Crow, Rydal Head, Kroonstad, Imari, Kilted, Chancer, Powder Puff, The Arrowed, Sam Bonnet, Bubian, The Bishop, Bubian, Song Thrush, Donatia, Horn Head, and Galante.

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Bibury engagements—Burntwood and Sweet Rossland, Starboard Castle Handicap, Linfield Tooting, Timbrel, Hounds, and Royal Mail, and the rest. All engagements in G. H. Freeman's name—Railway Guide filly and Perique filly. All engagements—Broke.

CANTABRS BEATEN AT LIVERPOOL.

The annual match between Cambridge University and an eleven of Liverpool and District ended yesterday in a fine victory for Liverpool by four wickets. Score—

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY 100.

First Innings: Second Innings:

R. A. Young, c. Morris	s. Hampshire, b. Kit
R. A. Young, c. Morris	chener
W. P. Harrison, run out	125
C. G. Colebeck, b. Morris	24 Hampshire, b. Thompson
Kitchener, b. Morris	28
L. G. Colebeck, c. Morris,	b. Brocklebank
E. W. Mann, c. Morris	40
W. V. Morris, c. Morris	c. Hannay, b. Kitchener
R. P. Kilgwin, c. Morris	10 c. Hampshire, b. Thompson
F. W. H. Weaver, b. Morris	19 c. Hampshire, b. Thompson
T. E. Mansfield, b. Morris	0 c. Hannay, b. Kitchener
A. F. Morcom, O'Hara, b. Kilbaw, b. Bowtell	3 c. Hannay, b. Thompson
P. R. May, not out	0 c. Garnett, b. Thompson
Extras	10 Extras
Total	206 Total 249

LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT.

First Innings: Second Innings:

H. G. Garnett, c. Morcom	19 c. Manning, b. May
G. W. H. Wilson, b. Morris	4 not out
C. S. Hannay, c. Colebeck	91 not out
b. Morcom	78
H. E. Brocklebank, c. Colebeck	retired hurt
E. D. Brocklebank, c. Colebeck	45 c. Kilgwin, b. Morcom
F. W. H. Weaver, b. Morris	22 b. Morcom
A. F. Roswell, not out	0
Kitchener, b. Morcom	0
P. R. May, not out	0
Extras	17 Extras 28
Total	151 Total (for 5 wkt.) 278

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

Bathurst, Goss, v. Anstruther, Birmingham, Egg, v. Lancashire, Tunbridge Wells: Kent v. Yorkshire, Nottingham: Notts v. Leicestershire, Oval: Surrey v. Worcestershire.

Mr. F. B. Wilson, in answer to E. G. Banson, says: "You were certainly not out. The only decision that could have been given against you would have been for obstructing the field, and that would be ridiculous."

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the test of time. For nearly a
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nised as a safe and reliable
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and all Liver and Kidney Complaints.
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